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POPULAR TALES.

THE DAUGHTER.

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Two heavy blows were struck on the huge brass knocker of a house in Back street rather late one evening, when that beautiful street was far less thickly inhabited than at the present day. The kitchen girl, who served as cook, chamber-maid, footman and porter, opened the door and confronted a tall, well dressed gentleman, who inquired for the master of the house. Without a moment's delay, the stranger was ushered into the comfortable sitting room occupied by Mr. ——s who laid down the Portland Gazette and removed his feet from their exalted position over the fire place to receive his visitor. There was something extremely interesting in the appearance of the stranger, his age might be about forty, but his features were handsome and stamped with a cast of settled melancholy, while his manner had that air of quiet, gentle breeding which *results* from a useful intercourse with men and books. He surrendered his hat to the read handed servant, and taking the chair she had planted for him on the hearth rug, opened his business. After inquiring if Mr. —— was not a stock holder in the Cumberland Bank, he stated his wish to purchase twenty shares in that institution at as low percentage as possible.

While he was speaking, the look of easy hospitality passed from the stock holder's features, which instantly changed to their usual crafty business expression —he compressed his lips, crossed one leg over the other, and drummed on the stand beside him with the air of a man debating about an offer he can well afford to refuse.

"Really, I don't know," he said with a becoming share of indifference, "stock in our bank is first rate property—if I sell twenty shares I shall want a handsome premium. How much do you expect to pay?"

The stranger replied by asking how the Cumberland stock then stood.

"High—always high," replied the other avoiding a direct answer, "ours is a safe institution—yields fine dividends—the only bank in the State that held out specie payments through the last war—shares always above par ——" he was running on in praise of his hobby, but the stranger again brought him to the point, by saying that he had left a daughter at the Inn near by, who would be anxious for his return, and that he must solicit a direct answer to his proposition.

"Well, what do you say to eight per cent?" replied the capitalist.

"That it is more than I am prepared to pay—the best stock in Boston were not more than five when I left."

"——al are from Boston, then," inquired, or rather affirmed the stock holder, losing sight of his bargain in the eagerness of his curiosity.

The stranger calmly replied that he was.

"Come this morning in the sloop Mary Ann, I suppose?" persisted the inquirer.

"Yes," was the dry answer, which would have silenced any man born south of N. England; but Mr. ——, a heavy stock holder in a wealthy State Bank, had a comfortable sense of his own importance. What is money good for if it will not enable its possessor to be ill bread when he pleases? Nothing, certainly. Mr. —— had an undoubted right to ask impertinent questions—he could afford it—so he went on regardless of the annoyance of his victim.

"Brought your family, you say?"

"All that remains to me," replied the stranger in a broken voice, trembled on his lips, unregarded by his ruthless questioner, who continued,—

"Probably you intend to settle in Portland?"

"No, sir."

"Back in the country, then?"

"Yes."

"On the Kennebec?"

"No, the Androscoggin."

"Why, what can such a person as you appear to be, expect to do away back in the woods?—oh, I see—got men up there getting out lumber—fine season for logging."

The stranger saw that there were no hopes of concluding his business till he had furnished the stock holder with his history, past, present, and to come; so in a few hurried words he stated that he was a native of Maine, but had spent most of his life in Boston as a merchant—that he had amassed a large property there, which had been greatly diminished by the villainy of one he had trusted. His voice faltered as he went on to say, that his wife and two children had died in the same year, leaving him one daughter, with whom he was removing to a little farm that he had purchased in Oxford county.

The curiosity of the capitalist being satisfied he no longer hesitated to close his bargain, which was finally settled by the stranger's paying two thousand one hundred and twenty dollars—we like to be particular in money matters—for which he received the requisite twenty shares of stock in the good old Cumberland Bank. Mr. —— politely attended his visitor to the door, and, wishing him a good evening returned to the sitting room. He took up the roll of bank bills he had just received, looked them all over carefully, counted them three times, and then deposited them in an old black wallet with the comfortable smile of a successful bargainer.

Meanwhile the stranger made his way to Peck's tavern, still to be found, but with other occupants, at the corner of Main and Beaver streets. He entered a private room where he had left his daughter, a delicate girl of fourteen. She was in deep mourning, and her glossy curls, almost as black as her dress, were confined back by a circular comb of wrought shell, and drooped over her neck and shoulders as she bent with a willowy gracefulness toward the fire; her tiny hands clasped on her knee and her large dark eyes fixed mournfully on the blaze. Tears were stealing unheaded down her cheeks and fell like a shower of pearls into her lap, and she was too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father till he had almost reached the low stool on which she was seated. Hastily drawing her hand over her eyes and shaking her curls forward in a vain endeavor to hide her tearful cheek, she arose and stood before him as if detected in some evil. Mr. Suthgate seated himself and drawing the beautiful child to his knee inquired if his absence had seemed tedious; and then, seeing the tears on her face, he pressed her to his bosom, and, as he kissed her, said in a tone of gentle chiding,

"Shame, Grace, your eyes are full of tears—surely you were not afraid to stay alone."

"No, pa, but ——," she hesitated, and the tears again sprang to her eyes.

"But what, child?"

"I was thinking of ma and of all she said to me that night, and I cried for fear that I could not do all she wished; she told me to fill her place—to be all that she had been to you; but oh, pa, I never, never can be so good;"—and the motherless girl threw her arms about her father's neck and sobbed on the bosom to which he pressed her, while his tears rained over her head, and a prayer was swelling his heart—a prayer of thanksgiving, that when the blossom of his happiness was blasted, a bud was left in its place so full of purity and rich promise.

"Pa," said the young orphan, raising her innocent face from the paternal bosom, "do you think ma can hear me now when I promise to obey her wishes as near as I can?—it seems to me sometimes, when I kneel to say my prayers, as if I could feel her breath on my forehead as she whispers prayerful words into my heart—then I close my eyes, and strange, sweet thoughts seem rising and turning to words, till I can scarcely utter them for happiness—and then there is such a still contented feeling comes over me—father, am I wicked, am I forgetful, because I do not feel so sorry that poor ma is dead at such times?"

"No my sweet child, it is the balm which God himself administers to the broken heart but for such merciful comfortings your father too must have sunk to the grave. But sit down and listen to me, Grace—you know nothing of the life we are to lead in our new habitation. It was your sainted mother's request that you should be removed from the city to the quiet of a country life, where you should become the pupil of your father and take upon you such charges as will serve to render you useful in the humble lot my broken spirits and impoverished fortune has left to us.—Grace, can you cheerfully undertake the hardships of a life so monotonous?"

"I can, father," replied the gentle child, raising the meek eyes she had inherited from her lost mother to his face, with the confidence of a pure heart untried in the struggles of life. Again she was pressed to her parent's bosom, and again he thanked God that so much happiness was left to him.

Early the next morning Mr. Suthgate and his daughter started on their journey to the interior. At Paris they left the public conveyance and proceeded in a hired chaise. As they penetrated into the country toward Woodstock, the scenery, hitherto cultivated and pastoral, swelled gradually into irregular hills, broken occasionally into huge precipices, thrusting their granite crags through their covering of underwood and forest trees. As they proceeded spots of picturesque grandeur broke upon the view at every turn of the road. Now our travellers were in the depths of a valley, and then a bleak precipice shot its cliffs over their heads as they wound up the brow of a hill, while the waters of a mountain lake lay sleeping beneath them, in the dense shadow thrown by an unbroken rocky causeway frowning on the opposite shore, surmounted by a range of blasted trees, and appearing like a close file of dusky giants, each brandishing his spear against the sky. In these wild hills the cross roads were rough and dangerous. More than once Mr. Suthgate and poor Grace were obliged to leave the chaise and pick their way through the stones choking the road, not unfrequently bounding down the steep, loosened by the horse, in his struggle for a sure foothold, as he toiled on with the empty chaise. The day was waning when our travelers reached the end of their journey. For more than a mile their road had run along the very summit of a hill, exceedingly broken yet commanding a fine view of the country. Suddenly it swept back from an eminence running parallel, and the road turned sharply down into a little valley of some twenty acres. Through a chasm between the two hills a mountain stream dashed in a sheet of foam to the valley, and wound in a considerable body through an opening in the north. Just in the curve of a hill stood a small, neatly finished house, with a meadow spreading its green bosom in front, and a small garden, hedged by rows of currant bushes and cherry trees, both ruddy with fruit, stretching to a precipice at the back. Mr. Suthgate checked his horse at the bend of the road, and pointing to the valley as it lay, serene and beautiful, in the bosom of the hills, said,

"There, Grace, is our farm—look at it—then look abroad, and say if the whole is not even more beautiful than I have described it."

Grace bent eagerly forward, and for some moments remained breathlessly gazing on the sublime scenery around her. Lesser declivities than the one on which they stood, were swelling away on either side like a succession of broken waves, till their undulations were lost in the distant landscape, spreading away to the horizon in a sea of forest trees. Cultivated farms occasionally broke the monotonous foliage of a hill side, or smiled in the valleys like spots of joy in the waste of life; while here and there stupendous fragments of rock upreared their rifted heads from the bosom of the wilderness like the battlements of a darker world, their sides dashed sparingly with stunted trees, dead pines bristling up their naked sides, and the green monarchs of the forest crowding to their feet as if to do them homage. The sun was on the verge of the horizon showering its "powdered gold" over a portion of the west, and melting into purple twilight over the still bosom of the forest. Regardless of fatigue the father and daughter sat gazing upon the scene, wrapped in the mournful thoughts which so naturally steal upon the mind when the day is expiring. Neither spoke for both were thinking of her who had been the sun of their little world.

"Halloo, there—what's the difficulty?" inquired a lusty farmer, riding up the hill with a bag of newly ground meal thrown across his horse by way of saddle, "halloo—does your horse shy, or have you lost a linchpin?"

Mr. Suthgate took up the reins, and answering that nothing was the matter, was proceeding down the hill—but his new friend soon came on a level with him and drew up for a parley.

"Rather guess I've seen that are horse o' yourn afore, hav'nt I?—don't he belong on Paris Hill?"

Mr. Suthgate replied that it did.

"Sorter on't the first innit; any news stirrin'?"

Mr. Suthgate replied that he knew of none,

"Belong in Paris Hill, ha?"

"No, in Boston."

"Boston! why you ain't the man that's bought Mr. Dean's place down below here, are you?"

"Yes, I have purchased the farm at the foot of the hill."

"Wal, now I thought so—glad to see you, Mr. Suthgate; that's your name they tell me; hope you'll be neighborly; I live in the black house you've just past," and the good hearted fellow reached over and shook Mr. Suthgate's hand, as if he had been swinging that for a wager; then resuming his perpendicular position on the meal bag, he continued,

"That's your daughter, I s'pose?"

"Yes, my only child."

"I've got one just about her age—I'll send her over to scrape acquaintance to-morrow—you'll find my oldest girl waitin' for you."

Grace smiled gently, and said she should be happy to see his daughter.

"Yes, I warrant you'll be like two peas in a pod—you'll find all your things in order, Mr. Suthgate—we went down and helped unload the goods night afore last—they are all put up just as you wrote; if there's any thing more to do I'll ride back with you."

Mr. Suthgate thanked him as his kindness deserved, but declined troubling him.

"Wal, good night then—if any thing's wanted you'll know where to send—my name's Hinman;"—then the kind farmer settled himself on his meal bag, and admonishing his horse with his stirrupless foot trotted leisurely toward home, while his new neighbors proceeded to their habitation.

As Mr. Hinman had taught them to expect, they found his daughter waiting their arrival, and after a slight supper Grace received her father's kiss and went to her little chamber. Her heart swelled as she entered it. The furniture was that of her bed chamber was on the bed—and the night wind came through the small open sashes laden with the breath of wild flowers, and played with its invisable fingers among the snowy folds of the same muslin curtains that had draped her windows at home.

"How very, very good it was in dear pa to think of bringing all these things here," were the grateful thoughts with which the young girl sunk to sleep.

Mr. Suthgate had selected the occupation of a farmer as that in which he should close his life; but with his new station he still retained all the refinements of his former one. His was an intellect that never could become subservient to the propensities; benevolence and true religion seemed a ruling portion of his nature, and he had sought the quiet of a country life, rather from a disinclination to remain longer in a pursuit, which too often debases all the faculties of the soul into an accordance with the one great passion for gain, than because his fallen fortunes had rendered retirement absolutely necessary. He had transported to his remote farm such of his household goods as were most associated with the memory of his deceased wife. The library out of which they had read together—the gloves from which they had given lessons to their child—the mathematical instruments whose use they had studied—the piano she had touched,—all were placed in the little parlor which, with a kitchen, bed room and *porch*, constituted the lower part of the house.—Sarah Hinman, a good natured girl perfectly at home in all the branches of housewifery, remained several weeks with her new neighbors, in order to instruct the inexperienced Grace in her various duties; then the father and daughter were left to the quiet enjoyment of their home. Three years had passed away and time had yielded its balm to the hearts of the widower and orphan, yet had wrought but little change in the person of Mr. Suthgate. If his ample forehead was not quite so smooth and white, the glow of a contented spirit broke over it with a compensating lustre, and the few additional lines about his mouth took nothing from the benevolence of his smile. His face was slightly sunburnt, and his hands embrowned with labor; but a robust form, with habits cheerful and healthy, had taken the place of his former pale and melancholy expression of countenance, and the gentle Grace never once thought of the hardness of his hand when it was laid in blessing on her head.

The change that had come over Grace Suthgate was beautiful. She had gained but little in height, but her form was more gracefully rounded, her hair more abundant, and her clear white cheek dimpled sweetly when she smiled; while her lips, like ripe strawberries in brightness and color, took away the appearance of ill health, which her perfect whiteness might otherwise have conveyed. Pure in person and more pure in mind was Grace Suthgate; and it was beautiful to see her, after performing the labor of her little household, draw a stool to her father's feet, even as she had done when a child; and, with a knitting work in her hand, and a book open on her knee, spend the long, winter evening in adding to her stock of mental wealth; now and then laying down her work and leaning on her father's knee, with her sweet eyes raised to his, as he explained a passage which had puzzled her. Every night since her mother's death had the good girl prayed, that she might be enabled to fulfil the duties that death had imposed on her youth; and every day Mr. Suthgate felt more strongly the benevolence of God in granting him a child so lovely and so good, to cheer the solitude of his heart. She was to him a companion child and friend, strengthening her intellect to meet his, and drinking with avidity the moral or scientific lessons he loved to teach her. It was scarcely possible for two persons to be thrown more completely on each other for happiness, yet they never lacked resources. Together they planted their little garden with vegetables and flowers, honeysuckles were taught to trail over their parlor window, red and white rosebushes formed a little wilderness about the house, and a young apple orchard, at the foot of the meadow, gave rich promise of fruit in after summers.

Mr. Hinman, who was their nearest neighbor, lived a mile distant over the hill; and about three miles from the outlet of the valley was a cluster of four or five houses, a grist mill and a store.—A few months after their arrival in the valley, Sarah Hinman had been married and had removed from the neighborhood; while Nancy, the younger daughter, fully verified her father's prediction, by showing her rosy face at Mr. Suthgate's, at least twice each week. One morning Nancy came running down the steep beyond the house, with her bonnet hanging by the strings and flying out behind and her large hazel eyes dancing with delight.

"Grace—Grace Suthgate! where are you!" she exclaimed, running from one room to another till she found the object of her search in the *porch*, moulding and stamping delicate little cakes from a heap of golden butter lying in a tray before her,—"Oh, I'm so tired—I'm so happy—who do you think has come?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, Nancy."

"But guess—guess."

"Well, your sister and her husband."

"No, James, brother James—and he has not been at home before in six years—your can't think how handsome he is—his hair is all combed up in the tip of the mode, and his coat reaches almost to his heels, and shines just like satin; and then he has got such a proud pert kind of way, just as all the gentle folks have;—I'm so glad I could jump over the house,"—and the happy girl began to dance around the room like a crazy creature; then pulling her bonnet over her head she darted away, saying, "Well, I must go, for I ran away, just to tell you that James and I are coming down here; he says he's failed in business, and is going to stay at home all winter; but I'll tell the rest when I come again, so be ready for us, for he takes a great deal of notice, I can tell you."

Before she had finished her speech the restless girl was half way down the meadow leaving Grace to her conjectures about the time of the promised visit. Of James Hinman she had never heard, except when Nancy, with pardonable vanity, occasionally boasted of her brother, the merchant, in Boston. In truth there was little known of his recent life, even by his own family. He had left home in his nineteenth year, because his industrious father had reproached him for idleness on the farm. Nothing was heard of him until nearly three years had passed, when a letter came, stating that he occupied the station of clerk in a dry goods store in Boston. Another year elapsed and then come a second, written in a bold flourishing hand, and announcing the fact that Mr. Hinman's son had become a merchant.

There was a tone of consequential arrogance running through Mr. James Hinman's epistle, by no means palatable to his honest father. He wrote patronizingly to the whole family; was for removing his unmarried sister to the city, that she might be accomplished; and hoped that his father would not think of visiting him, without first providing himself with a new suit of broadcloth, as he assured him that his "best coat" would be sadly out of fashion in Boston. This was the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Hinman could bear that his son should be idle and run away—that he should seldom write and never visit home; but when he presumed to insinuate that his blue coat was not exactly the thing—the venerable garment that had performed duty on his wedding day, and clothed his broad shoulders every Sabbath, to say nothing of town meeting and muster days, for the last twenty five years—when James Hinman dared to do this, the father was convinced that he must be utterly degenerate, and with a heavy heart he prepared to ascertain the facts of his son's situation. Early one morning his horse was brought to the door, and an old pair of saddle-bags thrown over his back, with one end stuffed with oats for the beast, and the other equally well filled with a box of baked beans, six dozen dough-nuts and a lump of cheese for the man. Mr Hinman shook hands with his wife and daughter, tried the stirrup with his foot, and raised himself cautiously to his seat on the saddle bags; then taking a bundle from his wife, which contained the aforesaid wedding coat, with other things to match, he swung it on his arm; and with his nether limbs snugly cushioned against the oats and dough-nuts, started in a sober trot for Boston.

The events of Hinman's journey were never made public; but it was observed that he never boasted of his son after his return, and that he hated every thing in the shape of a dandy. When the hopeful youth returned home, and announced his intention of remaining there for an indefinite space of time, giving for a reason that his business had been ruined and his property lost by the villainy of a partner. Mr. Hinman answered bluntly, that he was welcome to stay at home so long as he behaved himself—but as for the story about loss of property he did not believe a word of it, inasmuch as Jim had never been worth a dollar in his life nor never was like to be unless he changed his ways.

It was nearly evening, on the same day that Nancy Hinman had announced her brother's arrival, when she called with him to pay their promised visit. During their walk the young gentleman edified his sister with an account of some dozen of the most fashionable ladies in Boston, who had evinced unequivocal symptoms of attachment to him, but to none of whom, had he deigned to give the least encouragement.—The innocent Nancy, fully impressed with her brother's importance, began to tremble for her friend, who she was certain must become the thirteenth victim to the invincible attractions which had already done so much execution.—But, to her surprise, Grace was by no means so completely captivated as she had anticipated.—She had seen too many of the really high bred during her mother's life time not to feel an instinctive repugnance to the second hand airs and underbred pretensions which characterized James Hinman; and from the period of his first visit the sweet girl experienced a feeling of dislike while in his company, which she condemned as uncharitable, yet could not entirely overcome. Not so with the gentleman; whatever had been his cruelty to the ladies, he seemed by no means inclined to practice any in his intercourse with the beautiful country girl. He haunted her like her shadow, broke in upon her walks, obtruded himself upon her during avocations, and entirely broke up the pleasant evenings she had delighted to spend with her father. These intrusions but served to confirm Grace in her dislike, and to render his society an evil which she struggled to bear patiently.

One morning in the early part of June, about a month after young Hinman's arrival, he called at Mr. Southgate's with an offering of flowers, as ill assorted as his own character. Grace accepted them, and saw him depart with the earnest hope that his visit would not be repeated that day. A pleasant shower came up in the afternoon which confined Mr. Suthgate to the house. Before the tea things were removed from the parlor the rain had abated. Grace drew her father's seat to one of the front windows and opened the sash, that he might enjoy the delicious air as it came up from its revelry among the wild flowers. Their little farm would have made a beautiful picture as it lay outspread before them. The meadow with its springing grass, sloping gently from the door, gemmed all over with rain drops and with a profusion of dandelions, that had unfolded their golden crowns at the first pattering summons of the shower. The river's brink was blue with violets, and the opposite hill towered against the sky clothed in the pale green foliage of spring, broken by the snowy blossoms of the hawthorn, or the crimson buds of the white oak as they blushed into life. The swollen waterfall foamed onward to its outlet, and a dozen mountain streams, children of the storm, made bold music as they left their caverns, tossing their spray, scattering foam like snow flakes on the green moss, and dashing from cliff to cliff down the face of the hill. A rain bow flung its brilliant arch from east to west just over the waterfall, and the black clouds, rolling in solemn grandeur to the horizon, melted away into fleecy billows as the sun poured its light upon them.

"Oh, how *she* would have enjoyed this," muttered Mr. Suthgate drawing his hand across his wet eyes.

Grace threw her arms around his neck and whispered in a voice that was thrillingly sweet when she deeply felt, "Yes, father, but how much greater must her enjoyment be in the brighter scenes to which she is gone; or how do we know that her pure spirit may not be here, communing with ours even now? I have often tho't such things, when I have been wakeful in the still night."

Mr. Suthgate made no answer; his heart was busy with the past and he abruptly left the room. When he returned James Hinman was seated by his daughter, and seemed to be waiting her reply to something he had been saying. His look was anxious and his manner impatient, while she seemed lost in astonishment and something very like anger; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes opened wide and her lips slightly divided like the unfolding of a rosebud. Hinman started from his chair as Mr. Suthgate entered, and began to walk the room impatiently. Just then a knocking was heard at the door. As Mr. Suthgate left the room at the summons, Hinman hastily approached Grace and said,

"I will call again tomorrow, and then I shall hope to receive the answer your flattering embarrassment has deprived me of."

Grace was about to speak, but that moment her father returned, followed by a young gentleman, whose features struck Grace as familiar, yet whom she could not instantly recognize.—The stranger lifted his hat from the mass of brown curls brushed up from his forehead in the fashion of the day, and his hand extended advanced eagerly toward her. Grace gave him her hand irresolutely and looked inquiringly into his face.

"What, have you forgotten me?" exclaimed he, evidently mortified with his reception.

"My daughter can scarcely be expected to detect her old playfellow in the man before her," said Mr. Suthgate smiling as he glanced at the manly form and finely proportioned form of the stranger; "Grace, it is your cousin, Henry Blair."

The young man had his eyes fixed admiringly on his cousin as her father spoke. Instantly her features lighted up with a beautiful expression of joy, and her hand, which was still in his, warmly returned his clasp.

"I never should have recognized you," she said, "you are so much taller, and your eyes—" she hesitated and blushed deeply, for the bright blue orbs of which she spoke, met hers with such an expression of pleasure, that somehow they confused her.

"My eyes," said he laughing so as to display the edges of a set of teeth, even and exquisitely white, "My eyes must be sad bunglers if they do not say that this is the happiest moment I have known since I used to torment you with my pranks. But I am come to live my childhood over again, if you dare venture to give me a home for a few weeks."

Grace smiled, and her father expressed his pleasure. As Blair turned to place his hat on a table his eyes fell on James Hinman. Instantly his features underwent a change, and with a cold haughty air of recognition he passed on, without appearing to observe the hand which the other, though with evident constraint had extended.—Hinman dropped his hand, the blood rushed over the veins on his forehead swelled with suppressed rage, and a dusky glow broke from his eyes; yet he did not for a moment lose the affected softness of his manner; he lingered awhile in the room and then departed without addressing Blair.

"You have met that young man before, it would seem," observed Mr. Suthgate as Hinman left the room.

"Yes," replied Blair, "but I certainly did not expect to meet him in the house of my mother's brother."

"His father is our nearest and best neighbor,—but do you know aught of his character which should prevent us receiving him as a visitor?"

"Nothing from personal observation, but he is said to have swindled his partner out of a considerable amount, and his character is generally suspicious."

"I feared as much," said Mr. Suthgate thoughtfully, "yet for his father's sake we cannot change our conduct with regard to him; but take a seat, Harry, and tell us how you happened to drop in upon us so suddenly."

"Indeed I can hardly inform you, uncle. I had finished my studies, and you being my nearest relative, now that my parents are gone, I took it into my head to visit your little farm and talk over old times with my sweet cousin here—and now with your permission I will partake of the

cold chicken she has provided so expeditiously;" and without further ceremony he seated himself by the tray of refreshments which Grace had just brought in, and to which it must be admitted he did all reasonable justice.

In the afternoon of the third day after Harry Blair's arrival, Grace went to the foot of the nearest hill to gather flowers for her parlor.—After collecting a quantity of violets from a grassy knoll, she was attracted by a wild cherry tree growing a little farther up the steep. She clambered to it and was breaking off some of its snowy blossoms, when a stone came rolling down the hill and lodged in a bush close by her side.—Startled from her employment, Grace looked up and saw James Hinman standing just above her. He sprang to her side and in his smooth silky manner apologized for not having called as he had promised to receive her answer to his proposals. Grace at first felt something like alarm at his sudden appearance, but collecting her thoughts she mildly but firmly refused the hand which had been confidently offered her on the day of the shower. Hinman stood for a moment after she had done speaking, evidently striving to subdue some strong passion struggling for utterance.

"I hope I am not to consider this answer as decisive," he at length said in a constrained voice.

"I can give no other now or ever," replied Grace firmly.

"I know to whom I must impute this refusal?" said he, suddenly giving loose to his anger; then moving fiercely a step forward he seized Grace by the wrist, and fixing his gleaming eyes on her face, said, "Grace Suthgate, tell me word for word what that upstart, Blair, said of me last Monday afternoon."

The poor girl trembled and turned pale, for the expression of his face was savage; but before she could answer, the bushes above them were rudely parted, and her cousin, with a vigorous bound, planted himself face to face with her assailant.

"A villain!" he exclaimed, seizing him by the collar, and shaking him as if he were an infant in his hands, "a villian, I said you were that!" he repeated, just as Hinman drew his hand back to give him a blow.

Blair saw the motion, and with a dexterous movement lifted the wretch from his feet and hurled him down the hill. The descent was not above seven feet, but he rolled some distance into the meadow, so powerful had been the impetus given. For a moment he lay like one dead; then slowly rising, he came close to the brink of the underwood. His face was ashy pale, a slight foam on his lips, and his eyes gleamed like those of a rattle snake. He shook his clenched hand at Blair, who was supporting the frightened maiden, and said in a low, hissing voice, that sounded scarcely human, "Henry Blair, I will be revenged!" then he turned, and passing along the skirts of the hill went up the road which led to his father's house.

The next six weeks had its history, but we shall not record it, holding it almost to sacrilege to lay bare the workings of a heart so pure as that of Grace Suthgate. It was an epoch in the history of her feelings; she was sad, she knew not why, and thrillingly happy without studying the cause. The gentle girl loved her cousin, Harry Blair, nor had she "unsought been won."

One glorious morning when the hills were [illegible] with bird songs and [illegible] rejoiced in the sun light, Mr. Suthgate and Henry Blair equipped themselves for a day's shooting among the hills. While his uncle was preparing the shot bags and powder flasks, the young man joined Grace, who was trying to fasten up a honeysuckle, which had been broken down by the weight of its own luxuriance, and now lay trailing its red blossoms in the grass.

"Cousin," said Henry, as he stood half concealed by the mass of foliage he was holding up for her to secure, "Cousin, you know what we were speaking of last night; may I mention the subject to your father while we are away?"

Grace began to tremble—the knot she was tying slipped, and down came the honeysuckle with all its wreath of blossoms on the suppliant's head. Grace laughed and blushed, and tried to extricate him; but somehow as her hands wandered among the leaves one of them was taken prisoner.

"Say yes, or I never will forgive you," exclaimed Henry with a voice broken with laughter. The little hand struggled to free itself.—He grasped it tighter. "Speak, Grace, say yes, do, I entreat you." He began to grow serious. The girl blushed deeper than before. She was glad that he could not see her as she uttered the required monosyllable, while he, the rogue, had his sparkling eyes fixed on her all the while, from an opening in the blossoms.

There never was a happier fellow than Henry Blair, as he shouldered his gun that morning and followed his uncle to the hills, but Grace was a little nervous all day. She did not doubt that her father would sanction the proposal her cousin had made her, still there was an uneasy flutter at her heart, which left her cheeks in a continued glow when she thought of their return. She had just finished her preparations for tea when James Hinman abruptly entered the house. He too had evidently been on the hills, for he held a rifle in his hand. Grace had not spoken with him since his affray with her cousin, and was naturally a little terrified at his appearance. He smiled scornfully as he observed her pallid cheek, and sitting down his gun stood directly before her.

"Grace Suthgate," he said in a bitter tone, "I have come to ask you for the last time—will you marry me?"

"I have answered that question when more mildly propounded," replied the maiden with dignity, "and though your manner does not deserve that even a refusal should be repeated, I ng in say that I never will."

Hinman broke into a low mocking laugh.

"You did not answer Blair thus," he said fixing his malicious eyes on her for a moment; then taking up his rifle he left the house as abruptly as he had entered it.

Grace was slightly terrified, but she was ignorant of the length of evil to which the human heart may go, and soon regained her composure. Her tea was ready, and with a housekeeper's natural anxiety, she seated herself by a window to watch for the return of the sportsmen. A foot path wound down the opposite hill, and the body of a large tree formed a rustic bridge across the river connecting that path with one leading to the house. She had been watching some time when he appeared. They were some distance a part; one stood on a rock near the foot of the hill, and the other occupied a projection a little to the right. Both were preparing to discharge their pieces. Grace supposed the one on the rock to be her cousin, as he wore the fur cap which had distinguished Blair in the morning; the other she had no doubt was her father. She saw him lift his rifle to his shoulder; but while he was settling his aim a bird fluttered by the window and diverted her attention. That moment came the loud report of the discharged rifle, followed by a sharp cry. Grace sprang to her feet and saw her cousin stagger back, reel to and fro for a moment, and then fall heavily from the rock. The poor girl stood still as if death had frozen her to marble; the blood ran cold in her veins, her eyes were fixed in horror on the body, and it seemed as if she could hear the crackling of the brushwood, as it rolled slowly down the hill almost to the brink of the river. It lay motionless—the white lips of the poor girl parted—she drew a long, sobbing breath and sprang forward. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as she passed through the meadow, and then darted over the log that spanned the river. The body lay a few paces farther on. Blood was on the clothes, and several drops stained one of the hands which fell loose and nerveless on the grass. One step more and she saw the face—it was her father's! Harry Blair was bending over him—his face was deadly pale, his limbs shook, and he was making ineffectual attempts to open the vest of the prostrate man. A little back stood James Hinman. He too was pale and seemed much agitated. A desperate calmness came over the orphan—she stooped down and laid her hand on the heart of her parent—there was no motion. "He is dead!" dropped in measured words from her marble lips, and still she gazed on. Suddenly she stood upright, and looking wildly from Blair to Hinman, exclaimed, "One of you killed him!"—then stepping before the latter, she fixed her keen look on him and said, "James Hinman, it was you!"

Hinman shrunk back and turned pale, but still found words to deny the charge.

"Do not deny the crime, do not, I saw it all—the gun was lifted even while I looked—you stood there by that blasted tree."

"There is the murderer," said Hinman pointing to Blair, who sat on a fragment of rock by the body, with his face buried in his hands through which tears were gushing, broken by convulsive sobs, while his whole frame was shaken with terrible anguish.

Even at that fearful moment there was a gleam of satisfaction in Hinman's eye. Grace made no answer—the stony calmness of her features relaxed, and she fell senseless at the feet of her murdered father.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[From the Eastern Argus.]

THE MIDDLING CLASSES.

We find the following article in the last No. of the Dover Gazette. If such articles were more common, the better would it be for the community. There is too little of the moral, and too much of the bitter, partizan, and impracticable in the press generally. Every regular newspaper, no matter of what party, should possess a moral tone, and contain articles like this, calculated to cultivate and improve the affections—to foster a spirit of kindness and good will, among men:—

"☞ Life among the middling classes is too little noticed and we fear too little known. We use the word middling, as that is one of the many conventional terms in use, and more readily conveys what we wish to express—rank equally remote from high and low—moreover we apply the word to the circumstances of individuals without reference to their real and moral worth. A great number of years and daily contact with all classes, a necessary consequence of our business, have induced us to form a very high opinion of the worth and character of middling class. We feel always safe in appealing to them upon any subject—their action is always cool, deliberate and safe—the common place and business nature of their lives—their usual intelligence—their plain, honest way of living—their habits of industry and toil expanding the intellect and making the judgment clear, cause us to trust them much sooner than those of a higher grade, whom purse has made proud, luxury weak, independence arrogant and overbearing. The 'well born' are too often creatures of wealth only—dollars and cents have swelled their importance to an extraordinary degree—their education has crowded their minds with the falsest notions of men and things—they are ignorant of the great world of beings around them, and generally known little or nothing of their wants and wishes—their world is one of fancy, in which is generally found but two classes the high and ignoble. The high and commanding virtues are neglected—rectitude of conduct veneration for religion, honesty in every thing, and single heartedness of mind are equalities to little cared for. Their ideas of the importance of wealth very often leads them into a state of reckless independence, detracting one half from the value of character, and loosing the restraints of moral principles, causing them to hold in too little estimation right, and trust too much in money as a substitute for goodness and virtue.

"The middling class attach the greatest importance to character—to preserve that unstained and immaculate is their great object. Those who live with this view in end must be honest and moral. Their education is usually such as brings out and nourishes the better feelings, strengthens the moral principle and encourages virtue. Among them humanity glows in all its beauty and excellence—the social virtues flourish in all their homes—they abound in good cheer, comfort and happiness—and are free, generous, virtuous and worthy. Their manner of living and occupation give them a better acquaintance of men and manners—they respect the rights of others, love liberty, and hate oppression. Their life is to us far preferable to that of those who live in opulence,—give us the plain homely fare of these—the quiet peaceful home of the mechanic, rather than the mansions of the rich. The former tells us of health, peace, and genuine comfort, and domestic happiness—the latter of weakness, oftentimes disease, unhappiness, trouble and anxiety. We trus to the yeomanry of our country in every exigency—they always prove true—they shrink from no defence of the right—they meet every call upon their benevolence and patriotism promptly—they are the prop of the church and the safety of the government—they ask the strictest justice of others and give the same—their whole lives abound with all those exciting qualities which the human mind loves to admire—honesty, virtue, and truth."

Friends in adversity are not always found.

[From the Eastern Argus]

THE MADISONIAN VERSUS CLAY.

The Madisonian, the organ of the present National Administration, at Washington, holds the following language towards Henry Clay, and his friends in Congress:—

"THE CAUCUS SYSTEM.

"It is currently reported and believed that there exists among the members of Congress, with a few honorable exceptions, a course of procedure altogether novel in the history of the Government, at least not dating father back than the extra session of ever-glorious memory. We do not mean to say, that the caucus has not been resorted to upon *particular* occasions by both parties in the country previous to the last summer session, but we believe that as a rigid system of party tactics, the origin and *honor* of its constant use are justly ascribable to the members of the present Congress.

"The practice to which we allude, is that of going into a secret party meeting generally at night, for purely party objects, and deciding by a majority of those present, (the minority yielding their consciences and judgments, and of course, their duties, and rights and responsibilities into the keeping of the party majority)—whenever any question of importance arises for legislative action, or whenever the President of the United States submits a nomination to the Senate in which any faction feels interested.

"This we have reason to believe, nay, *to know*, was the great engine put in motion by that party now claiming the 'Independent newspaper' for their organ during the extra session to 'head Captain Tyler.' Under its malevolent and grinding influence, the last Bank Bill, without reflection, in a spirit of party insanity, the majority of the party then consisting of effigy Whigs, was passed through the two Houses. It was *known* to many leading men in Congress that the President was anxious that the 'Fiscal Corporation Bill' should not be permitted to pass, yet under the controlling pledges exchanged in the secret inquistorial chamber the Whig members of the lower House pushed it through that body, under the previous question, in forty-eight hours from the time of its inception in committee. *Nearly the entire Senate knew* the wishes of the President for its postponement and his unalterable resolution to veto the bill if presented in an unamended form; and yet under the deadly influence of the Caucus system in that body, at the head and front of which presided Mr. Clay and the 'illustrious retired,' it was presented under such circumstances, by a Whig Congress, to *a very treacherous* President. Truly John Tyler should blush for this act of ingratitude and *treachery* to the Whig party and his *friend* Mr. Clay. Mr. Webster's letter to the Massachussetts Senators urged reasons for its postponement, which, with free and disenthralled minds, would have insured co-operation from the Whig party. But the solemn pledge had been given in *Caucus*, and many stood aghast, ridden by a majority, booted and spurred for mischief into a fathomless quagmire, without the liberty to oppose.

"The consequences of this Caucus commitment should be well known to, and appreciated by, the country. The consequence of foisting upon the President a weak and puerile measure is now felt and seen by the country. Shall not condign punishment be visited on those, the malicious and rabid spirit of the Whig party, who have brought the cause and the country in equal distress and disgrace? Will the people submit to have their rights and interests bartered away in *caucus*? Will they send public agents here who yield up the right of speech at the dictation of a Caucus, that Caucus controlled by some ambitious Presidential aspirant? Let the People put their feet upon the whole system. Who that is [illegible] the intelligence and honor of many members, who thus, during the extra session, persecuted the President, believes that this thing would have been done but for the imperial dictation of *Caucus* action—but for some iron rule from which there was no escape?

"The Caucus has the farther effect of centralizing and consolidating Legislative action, by which all local feelings and interests are shut out and annihilated. If any man murmurs against the will of the majority, he is immediately subjected to the knife. The politicians in Congress, and the Press out of Congress, make a deadly and uncompromising war upon him, and he is persecuted until he resigns his place, or is beaten from the field. With those factious appliances, a free Government cannot last. The pillars of the edifice must yield if they are constantly shaken with so fierce a hand."

We hope the Whigs in this quarter will not deny the above statements from the acknowledged organ of their party at the seat of Government. After ringing all sorts of charges upon poor old king Caucus, and abusing him without intermission for twelve years in succession, they crowned him, Lord of all, at their famous Harrisburg Harrison Convention. He led their armies to the battle, armed with Log Cabins and Hard Cider, and gained the field. And, according to the Madisonian, he is installed in legal power, over the Whig members of Congress. To move without his imperial consent, is death to the Whig members of the House, or Senate. We ask the attention of the honest Whigs to the State of things detailed in the Madisonian. And we ask them to recollect also that the Madisonian is the acknowledged, and *petted* organ of their own President.

We trust that there are thousands upon thousands of honest Whigs, who voted for "Tippecanoe, and Tyler *too*" who are heartily sick of Whiggery, and who will not vote for the men or *measures* of the Whigs again, *during the present generation, at least.*

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

A portion of the abolitionists are beginning to avow, as an object *desired* by them, that which has been always regarded as a necessary *consequence* of their conduct even if not desired. A "*dissolution of the Union*" is openly proclaimed as a thing for which all good friends of the anti-slavery cause are bound to pray. Such is the last demonstration of feeling growing out of the movement, and we regard it as one, and not among the most happy, of the signs of the times.

At a late meeting of the Middlesex County (Mass.) A. S. Society, the following resolutions, (among others,) were adopted:— [Age.

"Resolved, That for the North any longer to continue an alliance with the South, is basely to consent to wear the yoke of slavery, to sell their birth-right for a mess of pottage, and to be guilty of a sinful participation in a system that is unequalled in pollution, robbery, and piety.

"Resolved, That a repeal of the Union, between the North and the South, is called for, by every principle of justice, humanity, liberty, and religion."

We add, also, the following extract from a published letter of H. C. Wright, a leading abolitionist of Philadelphia, under the date of the 15th of last April:—

"An issue is now openly made, which abolitionists virtually made in their ontset, and which they ought to have made, distinctly and formally. We ought to have laid before the slaveholders, long ago, this alternative. *You must abolish slavery or we shall dissolve the Union.* Thus far, the Union, or, rather, the *make believe* Union between the North and South, between Liberty and Slavery, has been a curse to the North, a curse to Civilization, and a curse to Humanity. It has proved a Union to enslave the North, and to wage war upon human rights. This *piratical* Union (for it is so, according to the decision of Congress) is now being understood. The North have idolized it, but the people now see that they have worshipped a demon that is about to devour them.

"Thousands in Pennsylvania have made up, and are making up their minds to the alternative of a dissolution of the Union, or the abolition of slavery. DISSOLUTION, or ABOLITION, is discussed in kitchens, in parlors, in stages, cars, steamboats, in lyceums, in anti-slavery meetings, in stores, in the street, in counting-rooms, and in reading rooms, and on exchange. Be assured, thousands of petitions will, before one year closes, go up to Congress, bearing the only and *final* alternative to the South—DISSOLUTION or ABOLITION."

HARD TIMES.

It is very easy for people to believe that the existing times are particularly and unusually hard, and still more easy for them to be made to believe so, when they hear the fact constantly and confidently asserted. And the reason of this need not be sought in any very deep research. It depends upon the same principle, which causes men so often to think and to say, that a particular day has been warmer or colder, a particular season earlier or later, a particular winter more severe, or a particular storm more violent, than was ever known before. This is said too often to be, by any possibility, always true, and although "*the oldest inhabitants*," to quote the common phrase, "*do not recollect*" any such day, season, winter, or storm; yet it is very certain that they have occurred, and occurred many times. And it is just so with the complaint of "*extraordinary*" distress and "*unparalleled*" depression of business. It is made so constantly, as to be absurd upon its face. The truth seems to be, that actual, existing, and present events, make an impression, so much more powerful than events resting in recollection, that their comparative characteristics are misjudged and mistaken. Under the immediate pressure of extreme heat and extreme cold, we cannot imagine that we have ever suffered the like before. And so, too, when experiencing vicissitudes of trade and stagnation of industry, in all the vicissitudes of reality, we are apt to regard them, as unprecedented in severity and intensity.

The fact is, that in a very important sense, the times are always hard to a great majority of mankind. The great laws of our existence are such, that subsistence is only to be obtained by labor and painstaking, and such seem to be the unavoidable defects of social organizations, that undue proportions of toil and privation are thrown upon particular classes. The great majority of mankind are always in difficulty, in respect of their private affairs; always obliged to exercise the extremest self denial to save themselves from utter destitution; always limited in their indulgencies; and always suffering, more or less from want. The times are always hard, and naturally seem harder this year than they were last year, harder now than ever before.

It is affirmed, that the general condition of our people is less favorable now, than it was from 1824 to 1828, during the period of a high tariff. The fact is directly the reverse, and yet the assertion obtains credit, even from those who have lived during both periods, and ought to know what the truth is. Compare the scale of prices during the two periods, and it appears indubitably, that the agricultural interest get better prices now, and can buy cheaper now, than they could in 1824-8. The difference will average one hundred per cent. in favor of the existing state of things. The fact has been showed, over and over again, by evidence in which there can be no deception or mistake. And yet the farmers are appealed to, to sustain this scheme of a high tariff, which has proved so destructive to their prosperity. The Virginia planter, who, during the disastrous period of 1824-8, was obliged *to burn down his wheat crop, because it would not pay the expense of harvesting*, is asked to go back to the system which robbed him of the fruits of his toil. Strange impudence, indeed, in those who make the request! And stranger infatuation still, if those who are asked to impoverish themselves, can be cajoled into acquiescence!

We subjoin an interesting article from the New York Evening Post, which shows, very satisfactorily, that so far from being ruined by the partial approach to free trade, made during the last ten years, the country has exhibited and still exhibits, a teeming prosperity in all its great industrial interests.

We invite particular attention to that part of the article, which shows the great prosperity of the navigation of the country; an interest in which Maine has, in all respects, so large a share. [Age.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

"The times are blue," said a man to us, the other day, in Wall street. "The times are blue as ruin." Our reply was, that "they were hard enough—that was true—hard for the merchant, hard for the mechanic and laborer." "Yet," we continued, "hard as they are, those singular and inflexible things, figures—the statistics of trade and commerce—would seem to show, that for the last ten or twelve years, there has been a great increase in the substantial prosperity of the nation." This surprised our friend as much as he would have been surprised by hearing that his last packet of lottery tickets, imported directly from Washington, at an expense of $120, had contained a high prize. "You talk strangely," said he, recovering from his amazement; "has not every thing been ruined? have not the merchants and the manufacturers both been destroyed for the want of a high tariff? have not our exports dwindled, our manufactures fallen, and our trade decreased?" We calmly answered,—"No," and proposed to prove, from the most indubitable documents, the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, and the census takers, that our exports, both of domestic produce and domestic manufactures, had been generally enlarged; that our tonnage or commerce, both in the coasting and foreign trade, had expanded enormously; that the production of our staples, such as cotton, iron, &c., had swollen in value; and that even those branches of manufactures which are supposed to have suffered most under the reduction of duties effected by the compromise act, had grown in importance and prosperity. "It is true," we observed, "there is a temporary depression of business, but it is of the nature of a stagnation. It is temporary, and must shortly pass away." Our friend seemed relieved by the information, and promised to attend to what we should say upon the subject. Let us look, then, at a few facts first:

The value of the exports of the growth, produce, and manufacture of the U. States, for the year 1840, amounted to	$113,762,617
For the year 1829, the amount was	55,700,193
Showing an increase of 104 per cent. or	$58,062,424
The tonnage in the United States in 1840 was, tons	2,180,763
In 1829 it was	1,260,977
Showing an increase of 73 per cent. or tons	919,786
The export of American manufactures in 1840, was	$12,848,840
The amount in 1829 was	5,412,320
Showing an increase of 137 per cent. or	$7,430,520

Let us now compare the astonishing increase exhibited above with other periods in our annals.

The greatest value of domestic exports from 1800 to 1829, was in the year 1818, and amounted to	$73,864,437
The smallest value of exports to the same period, (exclusive of five years of embargo and war,) was in the year 1806, and amounted to	$41,263,727
	$32,600,710

The greatest difference, therefore, in this long period, is only 79 per cent. and only 56 per cent. of the difference between the first year of Jackson and the last year of Van Buren.

The amount of tonnage in 1803, was	949,147
And in 1829	1,260,977
Increase in 26 years,	311,830

This increase is only 33 per cent., and is less than 34 per cent. of the increase in the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren.

The exports of American manufactures in 1818, amounted to	$1,777,0 0
And in 1829 they amounted to	5,412,320
Increase	2,635,320

The increase is 95 per cent., and is less than 35 1-2 per cent. of the increase between the first year of Jackson and the last of Van Buren.

It is also worthy of remark, that in 1840, our tonnage was, to the population, as 1 to 10 80-10, and in 1840, it was as 1 to 7 82-100. Our domestic exports in 1830 were, to the population, as 4 61-100 to 1, and in 1840, as 6 67-100 to 1.—Our export of manufactures was in 1830, in proportion to our population, 41 35-100 cents to each individual, and in 1840, it was 75 3-10 cents to each individual.

THE APPORTIONMENT.

The decisive vote, (98 to 59,) by which the House of Representatives adopted Mr. Briggs' ratio of representation, (50,179,) may be regarded as a settlement of the question, so far at least as the House can settle it. Under this ratio, the House will consist of 306 members—of which New York will have 48, Pennsylvania 34, Ohio 30, Virginia 21, &c. &c. No State will lose any of its representation, but there will be large fractions in some States, (Mississippi in particular,) and extremely small ones in others, as in Maine—as will be seen by the following:—

	No. of Reps.	*Fractions.*
New York,	48	20,329
Pennsylvania,	34	17,049
Ohio,	30	14,097
Virginia,	21	6,443
Tennessee,	15	3,301
Massachusetts,	14	35,000
Kentucky,	14	4,418
Indiana,	13	33,537
North Carolina,	13	2,765
Georgia,	11	27,045
Maine,	10	3
Alabama,	9	37,732
South Carolina,	9	11,971
Illinois,	9	24,439
Maryland,	8	32,692
Missouri,	7	9,153
New Jersey,	7	22,153
Connecticut,	6	9,000
New Hampshire,	5	33,105
Vermont,	5	41,000
Louisiana,	5	35,135
Mississippi,	5	46,671
Michigan,	4	11,551
Rhode Island,	2	8,470
Arkansas,	2	30,421
Delaware,	1	26,864
	306	

This apportionment adds 64 to the present number of Representatives, 242—and should be followed up, if finally adopted, by a reduction of the per diem of members, or a limitation of the sessions of Congress—so far at least as not to add to the present Congressional expenses. The extension of the franking privilege to so many new members, ought also to be taken into consideration.—*Albany Argus.*

IN BANKRUPTCY.—Judge Story on the question of attachments has delivered his opinion that all attachments, on which judgment had not been rendered, made prior to the petition for Bankruptcy, became null and void upon the filing of said petition, and all property so attached, would be under the direction of this Court merging with the assets of said Bankrupts. But the attaching creditor would be entitled to all the costs accruing up to the date of the filing of the petition.

The English papers speak in terms of great indignation of the *butchery* of their army at Cabul, and make strong appeals to the sympathy of their

readers in behalf of the unfortunate men who have lost their lives. We wish that the editors of these papers or some who sympathize with them, would tell us by what right, or under what pretence of right, the British government had an army in Affghanistan; and whether they would feel the same compassion, if 6000 Asiatics should be butchered in an attempt to subjugate the island of Great Britain and destroy its capital?—*Boston Courier.*

RHODE ISLAND.

The meeting of the Legislature under the new Constitution, was effected without bloodshed.—We never thought it would be otherwise. The procession was formed as previously announced, at 10 o'clock, and moved off in the order agreed upon, to the place assigned, escorted by several military companies and bodies of armed men.—The whole concourse of people amounted in all, it is stated, to three or four thousand people.

At twelve o'clock the Governor, Lieut. Governor, Secretary of State, &c., followed by the two Houses, and preceded by Mr Burrington Anthony, entered the building prepared for the organization, and took seats, the Executive and Senate on a platform at the west end, the House of Representatives in the body of the building.

Dutee J. Pierce was called to the Chair for the purpose of organizing, and accepted.

The credentials of the members elect under the People's Constitution, were then presented to Mr. John S. Harris, who had at a preparatory meeting been elected Clerk *pro tem.*

Sixty-five members answered to the call—a quorum. Four towns were not represented.—The House then proceeded to appoint a Speaker. Welcome B. Sayles, of Smithfield, was appointed Speaker.

On taking the Chair, Mr. Sayles said he was obliged to the House for the honor which it had conferred on him. He was inexperienced, but threw himself upon the forbearance of the House. The House had a great duty to perform—the eyes of fifteen millions were upon them. The Speaker then took the oath, required by the Constitution under which the proceedings are being had. The roll of the House was then called, when the Speaker proceeded to swear in the members.

The House then proceed to elect Clerks.—John S. Harris and Levi Solsbury, of Providence, were appointed, and sworn in by the Speaker, Clerks of the House. The votes of the several towns were then handed in that they might be counted.

A committee was chosen to count the votes, and the House took a recess that the votes might be counted. The Committee for counting the votes made their report, that the number polled for Governor was 6359. The votes for the other officers on the ticket did not materially differ.—Gov. Dorr, and Lieut. Gov. Eddy were qualified, and Gov. D. sent in his message, a document covering about five columns in the Providence papers.

The ground now taken by the opponents of the people's constitution, is, that the principal actors in the scenes of Tuesday will be some time hereafter arrested for treason.

We learn from the Providence Chronicle that the city remained perfectly quiet, on Wednesday. Several important acts have already passed by the new Legislature and received the signature of the Governor. Yesterday morning the following resolution was introduced by Mr. Wales, of Providence, and laid upon the table:—

"*Resolved*, By this General Assembly, (the Senate concurring with the House of Representatives herein,) that a committee of —— be appointed to proceed to Newport to meet a similar, if the General Assembly at that place shall think proper to appoint such a committee, to ascertain whether any plan can be devised that will be honorable to both parties, which will bring the present unhappy controversy now existing in this State to a peaceable and speedy termination."

In the afternoon several laws we passed. The Governor was authorized to appoint Commissioners to proceed to Washington to inform the President that the Government has been organized under the Constitution.

The Assembly then adjourned to meet at Providence on the 4th of July next.

Governor Dorr has issued his proclamation calling upon the civil and military powers to conform to the new Constitution. Also for those indebted to the State to make payment to the duly constituted authorities under said Constitution.—*Argus.*

THE BOUNDARY.

The Journal of Commerce publishes the Proclamation of Gov. Fairfield, calling an extra session of the Legislature and says—"We are glad to see this announcement, as it shows, in the first place, that overtures of some sort have been made by the British Envoy; and in the next, that there is a disposition to entertain them respectfully. We think Maine will be loth to part with that portion of the disputed territory which lies South of the St. John's even though she were properly indemnified for it. The portion North of the St. John, although, as we judge, clearly belonging to Maine by the Treaty of 1783, ought to belong to Great Britain, being of far greater value to her in a national point of view, than to ourselves. It is no advantage to us to have a wedge of land penetrating into the heart of our neighbor's territory, interrupting his communications, and compelling him to trespass upon it, whether he would or not; but it is a great annoyance to *him*, and he will be very apt, in process of time, to get possession of it—peaceably if he can—forcibly if he must. It is better, therefore, if it can be done without dishonor, as we are persuaded it can, to compromise the matter, by quitclaiming the land to the party who ought to own it, receiving in return a fair equivalent, either in money or other land. If the subject is approached in a becoming spirit by both parties, it can be disposed of, we have no doubt, to mutual satisfaction."

☞ Mr. Arthur M. Higgins, of this city presented to the Cabinet of the Mechanic Association, a block of lignumvitæ that was sawn open at the block making shop of Jonathan C. Taylor, having snugly inclosed, in a cavity with at least an inch of solid wood on all sides four young Lobsters, shells an inch and a half long, and hundreds of very small ones. The grains of the wood, it is stated that the cavity had been entirely grown over for at least sixty years. How came these lobsters in this place?—*Bangor Whig.*

A TREASURE FOUND.—We are credibly informed that a few days since, a respectable citizen of Newton, in digging near his dwelling, struck upon a large metal pot, containing about eight thousand dollars in gold and silver coin. The money was in doubloons, old English guineas, and other gold, crowns, &c. It is supposed to have been buried in the time of the Revolution, about the period of the battle of Newton.—*Flushing Journal.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 10, 1842.

NEW VOLUME.—This week we commence a new volume, one year having elapsed since the commencement of the new series. To those who have thus far continued to patronize us, (not by subscribing for the paper and never paying for it,) we tender our sincere thanks, and hope we shall for a long time to come continue to receive, and, we trust, merit their support.

The Editor of a political paper has a difficult and arduous task to perform. He stands, to his patrons, in the light of a landlord of a public house to his guests; every one expects that the dish served up will be seasoned expressly to his taste, and will show symptoms of discontent if it does not suit his palate. So with an Editor; his readers expect him to coincide with their peculiar views and opinions, and will chide or withdraw their support from him for an honest difference of opinion.—We have endeavored to represent the wishes and feelings of the democracy of this County so far as they have been made known to us. Where they have not, we have endeavored to suit ourselves,—and generally, have succeeded. Such will be our future course.

Those in arrears for subscription, advertising, or Jobwork, will obige us by making prompt payment Post masters are authorized to forward money in payment for newspapers free from expence.

Our friends in different sections of the County will aid us materially in forwarding the names of responsible subscribers. Will they give us a lift?

WHIG PROTECTION OF THE AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS.

Mr. Saltonstall, in behalf of the committee on Manufactures, recently presented a Bill to Congress regulating the duties on imports, with an accompanying report, which was referred to the committee of the whole House, and the House ordered the printing of 5000 copies in addition to the usual number. This Bill appears to give universal satisfaction to the Whig presses. Most of which are in the interest of the Manufacturer. Among other items it produces a tax on woolens of forty per cent. ad valorem, but not one cent for the protection of the raw material. The great effort is to impose a high duty upon woolen fabrics to afford protection to the rich capitalists, who monopolize the manufacturing of the country, and leave it to *them* to take care of the producer of the raw material, upon Mr. Webster's principle of legislating for the rich *that the rich may take care of the poor.* This is such protection as the vulture affords to the lamb. This is what a Federal Congress contemplates doing for the man who is at the expense of growing a pound of wool; while the manufacturer, who does not so much as wet his fingers, is to be protected by a duty of 30 or 40 per cent. to be taken from the pockets of the consumer of his fabrics. How manifestly unequal and unjust to extend the fostering care of Government to the man who, from the amplitude of his means, least needs protection, and leave the industrious farmer exposed to the competition of the whole world. But what better is to be expected from an Administration brought into power by a combination of the corporate and monied interests—the representatives of a party based upon exclusive privileges and monopolies The people can now see what was meant by the Whigs when they were brawling so loudly for protection to the farmers and producers. They were only "*pulling the wool over their eyes.*" A handful of aristocratic nabobs must be enriched and built up at the expense of the heart's blood of the very salt of the earth, the producing classes, by the aid of high protective tariff on manufactures.

WHIG MEASURES.—*Debt, Tariff, Bank,* says the Globe, are the great measures of the Whigs. They are the supreme objects of Whig policy. Of these three measures, one *(debt)* is well advanced, we having now an authorized national debt of twenty-six millions of dollars for twenty years; the second one, *(tariff)* is under way, and the bill reported by Mr. Webster's friend Saltonstall is intended to revive the tariffs of '24 and '28, and go far beyond them in several new and strange features; the third, *(bank)* has slept for sometime, but is about waking up. According to all the signs, we are yet to have a struggle for a bank and that as an Administration measure. How far the President himself is in the new scheme, we know not; but there are those about him who are for it, and who are acting in such a way as to implicate him. The Richmond Enquirer, in speaking of the letter to Rhode Island, said the President was not safe with two of his present counsellors about him; and, truly, every day gives proof of the truth of the remark.

A whig, in the Eastport Sentinel, advises his brethren in Maine openly to adopt the doctrine that "they will employ no loco-foco or real or pretended neutral to perform any service that can as well be done by a whig!" He thinks that such a course would secure a triumph to his party at the next State election. Although the whig party have not "openly adopted" this principle, whigs have acted upon it in their individual capacities to a considerable extent, but we are not aware that they have ever gained by it any thing except the contempt of every true friend of liberty. The Argus truly observes, in relation to the Eastport whig, that "he is unworthy the liberty he enjoys, and should be transported to the dominions of some despot, to live among serfs and petty despots the rest of his life."

FIRE IN PORTLAND.—A fire broke out on Sunday 1st inst., in the cooper's shop of Mr. Luther Flood, on Union wharf, which soon spread and consumed a large brick store occupied by Williams & McLellans, with its contents; a two story wooden building occupied by Jas. Staples, edge tool maker; a building occupied by Ezekiel Gannon, painter; shop of T. F. Roberts, boat builder; a small house occupied by Irish families; and a large dwelling known as the Owen house. The Argus supposes the fire to the work of incendiaries.

THE 44TH BRITISH REGIMENT.—This Regiment which has been annihilated by the Affghans, formed part of Gen. Packenham's army at the battle of New Orleans—it was then under Col. Mullens, and was disgraced there for not bringing up the *fascines* in time; and to this circumstance, the disasters of that day were attributed. The regiment then lost their colors, and were sent to India to regain them.—*N. Y. Express.*

SUING THE POSTMASTER.—A lady of Philadelphia has brought a suit against Postmaster Montgomery, for a *missing letter* containing money and some love.

OLD VIRGINIA TRUE!

From present appearances, there will not be left enough living Whig "Coons" to bury the dead ones. The following is the result of the changes as far as asertained:—

DEMOCRATIC GAIN.—Albemarle 2; Hanover 1; Fauquier 2; Fairfax 1; Norfolk Co. 1; Southampton 1; Charlotte 1; Amherst 1; Greenbrier 1; Stafford 1; Hampshire 2—Total 14.

Loss.—Petersburg 1; Nelson 1; Nottoway 1. Total 3.

The Democrats have also gained the Senator from the Louisa district.

Democratic clear gain 12, which makes a difference of 24. Whig majority last session 2.—Without further change, Democratic majority in the Senate. The revolution is complete.

IOWA CITY.—Three years ago, on the section of land embracing that city, there stood but a solitary unfinished log cabin. Now there is a State House nearly two thirds completed, at an expense of fifty thousand dollars, a great many houses and stores of every description, and nearly one thousand inhabitants. This is cited as the most rapid increase ever known in this country.

DISCHARGE OF NICHOLAS BIDDLE.—The Philadelphia Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, under date of Friday 29th says: "Judge Burton and Conard have just delivered the opinion of the Court of General Sessions in the case of Nicholas Biddle, Joseph Cowperthwaite, and John Andrews, in the matter of the Bank conspiracy, and have decided that there was not sufficient cause for sending the defendants before a jury for trial."

OATS.—In sowing oats, care should be observed to procure good heavy seed. A little extra cost should not deter any one from procuring them of the quality named; and to prevent injury from the worm, which frequently is very destructive to their roots, immediately after the oats are sown and harrowed in, a bushel or two of salt to the acre should be sowed thereon, to be followed by rolling. When the oats come up, a bushel of plaster sown on each acre, will not only tend to improve the growth of the oats, but to encourage that of white clover, and thus, by promoting a good sward, meliorate the condition of the soil.—*Baltimore Farmer.*

A YANKEE BABY.—In the summer of 1775, when the British army lay in Boston, a message of Gen. Washington's was sent in through Roxbury with a flag of truce borne by a large, stout, good looking man from the town of Wilmington. Having arrived at the head quarters and while waiting for a reply, one of the British soldiers who was rather short in statute, after an attentive survey of him, uttered some expressions of astonishment at his size. "Oh," said the Yankee, "Gen. Washington has fifteen thousand men at Cambridge, *and I am the only baby of the lot.*"—*Concord Freeman.*

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—"Why, it's good to get drunk once in a while," said the rummer, "for it cleans a fellow out."

"That's a fact it does," replied a Washingtonian; "it cleans him out of house, home, money, and friends."

On Sunday evening last, Richard Welch, Dennis Conners, and some other Irishmen got into a dispute, and Conners drew his knife and stabbed Welch, striking him in the arm raised for his defence, inflicting a serious wound. During the affray, James Donagnue struck Welch several blows and knocked out one of his teeth.

Conners and Donaghue were arrested yesterday, examined before the Police court, and ordered to recognize, to appear at the next term of the District Court. [Bangor Whig.

PAINFUL CAUSALITY.—Twenty-three boys and two men were drowned the 29th ult., in Boston harbor.—The boys belonged to the Farm School, and were on their return from a fishing excursion when the boat was upset by a flaw of wind, and all on board except 4 boys were drowned.

MARRIED.

In this town, Sabbath evening last, by Rev. C. B Davis, MR. JOHN PRINCE to MISS RHODA DELANO, both of this town.

In Mexico, March 21st, by David Knapp, Esq., John Marble, Esq. of Dixfield, to Mrs. Betsey Whitman of Mexico.

In Rumford, May 1st, by the same, Jonathan A. Bartlett to Miss Harriet A Glines, both of Rumford.

DIED.

In Norway, April 30th, Mr. Jonathan Hall, aged 49. Mr. Hall did a good day's work the 29th, and at two o'clock the next morning was in the cold embraces of death. Surely "man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." T. J. T.

In Norway, April 29th, of scarlet fever, Samuel Ablavius, only son of Izah B. P. and T. J. Tenney, aged 14 months.

"Rest thee, pure one, rest,
We would not call thee back, for thou art blessed."

Our child has risen from the cares and pains and sorrows of life to that better world where

"Pains and groans and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die."

His day was a short one, much have we enjoyed it, and too much anticipated for the future. We hardly thought it were possible for him to die. So young, so healthy—so beloved—so forward in imitating the voices and motions of those to whom he was very much attached, we had hoped he would live to comfort his parents in the feebleness of what remains for them of the changes of an ever changing existence. It was not to be so God had determined it otherwise, and we submit to his will. There must have been a parting somewhere, and without doubt it has occurred at the time and place most suitable for us, for him and for those who assemble around the throne of the Father of the spirits of all flesh. He was a little treasure lent us for a season only, and we ought not to be so attached to it as to desire to withhold him from the hands of one who retakes what he has given that he may confer upon it more blessings than the fondest heart could ask T. J. T.

In Tyngsborough, Mass., April 13, Mrs. Sarah Dantorth, widow of the late Joseph Dantorth, Esq., aged 87 Kennebec papers please copy.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

ALL kinds of building [illegible] may be had on demand, at short notice, such as clear, merchantable and refuse Boards, (thick and thin)—square timber of various sizes—scantlings, joist, &c. Clapboards and shingles, all qualities Lime and Brick. Lights, Window sash, Glass, Nails, sheet Lead, Zinc &c. &c. on application to WM. E. GOODNOW, at Norway Village, or JOHN HOWE, Jr., at Steep Falls.

Norway, April 12, 1842. tf 49

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners for the County of Kennebec.

THE undersigned would respectfully represent that the public convenience requires a more direct and easy road from the County road near Dudley Chandler's dwelling house in Livermore, to Israel Herrick's corner, so called, in Leeds—there to intersect a road lately located by the County Commissioners from there to Greene, and we further request that you request the County Commissioners of Oxford County to meet with you to view the same and to take such other measures as you think the public interest may require, and as in duty bound will ever pray

BENJAMIN FELLOWS, & 28 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.—Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1842.

On the Petition aforesaid, satisfactory evidence having been received that the Petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that the County Commissioners of the County of Oxford, be requested to meet the Commissioners of this County at the house of George Turner in Livermore, in said County of Oxford, on Tuesday the seventh day of June next at 10 o'clock A. M, for the purpose of thence proceeding to view the route mentioned in said petition; immediately after which view, a hearing of the parties and witnesses will be had, and such further measures taken in the premises as the Commissioners shall adjudge to be proper.—And it is further ordered, that notice be given to all persons and corporations interested, of the time, place and purposes of said meeting, by causing attested copies of said petition and of this order thereon to be served upon the County Attorney and chairman of the County Commissioners of said County of Oxford, and upon the respective Clerks of the towns of Livermore and Leeds, and also posted up in three public places in each of said towns, and published in the Age, being the public newspaper issued by the printer to the State, and in the Oxford Democrat a newspaper printed in the County of Oxford and in the Hallowell Cultivator. All of said notices to be served, posted up and published thirty days at least before the time of said meeting, that all corporations and persons interested may attend and be heard, if they see cause.

ATTEST: A. R. NICHOLS, Clerk.
A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon.
3w1 ATTEST: A. R. NICHOLS, Clerk.

To the Hon. Court of County Commissioners for the County of Kennebec.

THE subscribers would respectfully represent that whereas a County road was located from Greene to Israel Herrick's corner in Leeds, in 1840, and another from Chesterville to Smith's Mills, so called, in Livermore in 1841, whereby a connecting link—the location of a new or an alteration in the present road from said Herrick's corner in Leeds, to intersect the said new County road from Chesterville to Livermore in the best place, would greatly facilitate public convenience by improving the surface and diminishing the distance.

The subscribers therefore request that the necessary measures may be taken by your honorable Court to carry into effect the object of this petition by the location of such new road or the alteration or discontinuence of such existing roads as may be required for that purpose.

URIAH FOSS, & 35 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.—Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1842.

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ATTEST: A. R. NICHOLS, Clerk.
A true copy of the Petition and order of Court thereon.
3w1 ATTEST: A. R. NICHOLS, Clerk.

Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, I, John Purington, of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, State of Maine, have a claim by Mortgage Deed, dated at Paris, County of Oxford, State of Maine, June 19, 1833,—said deed being recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 42, page 70; said mortgage was transferred and assigned to John B. Stowell of said Paris, and recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 41, pages 254 & 255, March 7, 1834; then the aforesaid mortgage deed was transferred and assigned to me on the fifteenth day of April, A. D 1834 The above mortgaged property is situated in the Village called Paris Cape, containing seventy-four acres more or less. For further description reference may had to said Records. Whereas the conditions of the same have been broken the said John Purington claims to foreclose the above mentioned mortgage, agreeably to an act additional to an act respecting mortgages and the right in equity of redemption, approved March 20, 1838.

JOHN PURINGTON.
Portland, May 8, 1842. 3w1

Executor's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction, pursuant to License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Friday, the third day of June next, at two o'clock P. M, at the dwelling house of Samuel B. Locke in Greenwood, the following described property belonging to the estate of

SAMUEL B. LOCKE,

late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, viz:—All that part of Lot No. 9, in the 2nd Range, lying Westerly of the old County Road leading from Walker's Mills to Amos Stevens'. Also, all that part of Lot No. 10, in the 2nd Range Westerly of the aforesaid County Road and Northerly of the Howe Hill Road, countaining about 120 acres.

Also, on Saturday, the 4th day of June next at one o'clock P. M. two Pews in the Locke Meeting House in Bethel.—At five o'clock P. M. same day, one Pew in the old Methodist Meeting House in said Bethel. All of which property is subject to the widows right of dower. Places of sale at each of said Meeting Houses Terms made known at times and places of sale.

CHARLES R. LOCKE, Executor.
Bethel, April 28, 1842. 3 51

Foreclosure.

WHEREAS LUTHER F. FOSTER, of Norway, in the County of Oxford, on the thirteenth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty, by his Mortgage deed of that date, conveyed to me a certain small tract of land situate in said Norway with the buildings thereon to secure the payment of six hundred dollars and save me harmless from certain liabilities as therein described;—for a particular description of the premises as well as for the condition of said Mortgage reference is to be had to the record thereof in the Oxford Registry Book [illegible], page 18 The condition of said Mortgage having become forfeit, I claim the foreclosure of the same pursuant to the Statute in such case provided.

JOHN DANIELS.
Paris, April 30, 1842. *3 52

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD COUNTY, ss:

PURSUANT to a law of this State notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of said County of Oxford at a Session holden at Paris in and for said County by adjournment on the last Tuesday of April, A. D. 1842, assessed a Tax upon Andover North Surplus and upon Letter C. Surplus, in said County, for the purpose of repairing the County road leading from Andover in said County, through said Andover North Surplus and Letter C. Surplus to Colebrook, as follows, to wit: They have assessed a tax of seven and one half mills per acre upon Letter C. Surplus containing twelve thousand two hundred and sixty acres, amounting to the sum of ninety-one dollars, fifty-four and a half cents. They have assessed a tax of three cents and two mills per acre upon Andover North Surplus containing fifteen thousand and nine hundred and seventy acres, as follows; on three fourths of said Surplus owned by Timothy Walker, containing eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy acres at 3 cts. 2 mills per acre, amounting to 383,04
On the remaining one fourth of said Township containing three thousand nine hundred and ninety acres, owner unknown, at 3 cts 2 mills per acre amounting to 127,68

And the Court have appointed James F. Bragg, Jr. Esq. of Andover, Agent to receive and expend said tax on Letter C. Surplus, in repairing said road passing through the same, and defraying the necessary expences. And the Court have appointed Timothy Walker, Esq. of Rumford, Agent to receive and expend said tax on Andover North Surplus in repairing said road passing through the same and defraying the necessary expences.

[6w52] Attest:—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD COUNTY, ss:

PURSUANT to a law of this State notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of said county of Oxford at a Session holden at Paris in and for said county, by adjournment, on the last Tuesday of April, A. D. 1842, assessed a Tax upon Township Number Five in the first Range in said county, for the purpose of opening and making the County road through said Township laid out by the County Commissioners of said County in December, 1838, of four cents per acre upon the land contained in said Township, being thirty thousand seven hundred and eighty acres, the whole of said tax amounting to the sum of twelve hundred thirty-one dollars and twenty cents: And the Court have appointed John M. Wilson, Esquire, Agent to receive and expend said Tax for opening and making said road and defraying the necessary expences attending the same.

[6w52] Attest:—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Collector's Notice,—Rumford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Proprietors and owners of Land in Rumford, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the same are taxed for the year 1841, and deficiency of Highway Tax 1840, in Bills committed to me as Collector for the year 1841, by Assessors of said town of Rumford, which remain due and unpaid, to wit:—

Names.	No. of Lot.	No. Division.	No. Acres.	Value.	Tax.	Deficiency of highway 1840
				$	$ c.	
N. G. River,						
John Bradley	51	2	100	84	93	
	68	3	100	40	44	
	53	2	140	100	1 10	
	55	2	100	84	93	
	31	2	100	84	93	
	24	3	200	84	93	83
	38	3	100	84	93	
	88	3	100	42	46	42
	103	3	73	33	36	
	63	3	62	40	44	42
Nathan Brown	9	2	88	50	55	
Daniel Wait	96	2	100	75	83	
Unknown	56	3	390	25	28	
	86	3	89	30	33	26
	87	3	100	40	44	32
	89	3	62	20	23	18
	101	3	73	40	44	
	94	3	100	75	83	57
	93	3	120	50	55	37
James Butterfield, formerly occupied by D. F. Adams	9	3	75	224	2 47	
	10	3	75	225	2 48	
Unknown	7	1	20	125		93
West Ellis River	7	1	80	75		58
	41	3	70	30		26
	98	3	100	50		27

And unless said taxes and all intervening charges are paid to me on or before the 18th day of August next, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, I shall at the Inn of Jonathan Virgin, in Rumford, sell so much of said land as will discharge said taxes and all charges thereon.

COLMAN GODWIN, Collector
April 25, 1842.—*52 of Rumford.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the 12th day of April in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-two.

ON the Petition of ELI LONGLEY and JOSEPH D. PIKE, representing that on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1836, the said Pike and Laura McWain became surities in a Bond of that date given to the Judge of Probate in and for said county, wherein one William B. McWain, of Waterford, in said county, was principal as Guardian of David A., Leavitt B., Hannah A. and Anna McWain, then all minors and heirs of David McWain, late of said Water ord, deceased,—that since the execution of said Bond the said Longley has intermarried with said Laura McWain, one of the surities aforesaid, who is now his wife,—and that six years from the date of said Bond have now expired, and praying that the said surities may be discharged from all responsibility for any breach of said Bond that may subsequently occur,—It was

Ordered,

That the said Petitioners give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the 4th Tuesday of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY. Register.
A true Copy, *52
Attest—GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the 12th day of April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-two.

ON the Petition of ALVAN BOLSTER, representing that he is a creditor of the estate of William Virgin, late of Rumford, in said County, deceased,—that Uriah H. Virgin, formerly of Wayne, in the County of Kennebec, but now has removed to parts unknown, was duly appointed Administrator of said deceased's estate,—that the said Administrator has wholly neglected to render and settle his account of his Administration,—and praying that the said Uriah H. Virgin may be removed from said office and trust and some other suitable person appointed in his stead,—It was

Ordered,

That the said Bolster give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the 4th Tuesday of May next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
A true copy, 52
Attest—GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS William Brook, of Woodstock in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, did on the seventh day of April, A. D. 1837, convey to me Ara Cushman, of Minot, county of Cumberland and State of Maine, in Mortgage certain real estate situated in the town of Woodstock aforesaid, which the said Ara Cushman has assigned to Bartholoma Cushman of said Woodstock,—which real estate is more fully described and set forth in said deed of mortgage recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, to which reference is had for further particulars: And whereas, by reason of the breach of the condition of said Mortgage, I, the subscriber, claim to have possession of said estate, and to foreclose said Mortgage pursuant to the Statute in such case made and provided.

Dated at Woodstock this twenty-sixth day of April, A. D. 1842.

[52] BARTHOLOMA CUSHMAN, Assignee.

LINES ON A DECEASED FATHER.

Our Father, where is he? can any one tell?
Has he gone to return, that I still may be well?
There's no one to answer, glad tidings to give
That he ever will return with his friends to live.

He is quietly sleeping beneath the cold,
His spirit has gone to a merciful God;
We believe he's rejoicing in Heaven where
No sin, nor sorrow, nor troubles are.

Alas! he has gone from his earthly home,
We mourn he is laid in the lonely tomb.
By faith, hear a voice to the writer said,
"Be silent and know that I am God."

Who has power to give, and to take away,
No one has a right to complain or say
Why should it be thus? For the God who is just,
Will select and take whom he pleases first.

I will go where the grave-yard it listens the bier,
Shall I see him again ah! I enter there?
O no; but a remorseful grave will tell,—
It conceals the form I have loved so well.

'Tis the prayer of friends his remains may lay
Undisturb'd till the last great rising day.
Th' the Dying are disturb'd the dead ought to rest
Till the last trump has sounded to call forth the blest.

Paris, Jan'y, 1839. C.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

My mother dear, has bid a last farewell,
How solemn 'twas to hear the parting knell;
To see her home next, in mournful pace,
To the lone grave, her silent resting place.

Farewell, my dearest Mother, fare thee well,
The grief I felt at parting none can tell,
I now have drank the bitter, bitter cup
And with a sigh do calmly give thee up.

By thy side yet once more art sleeping now,
The sleep of death, his visage on thy brow,
Thy mortal part is mingling with the dust,
Thy spirit 's numbered with the happy just.

How great the cross it hope can now impart,
It softens grief 's a solace to the heart;
Believing then art happy, freed from pain,
I cannot wish thee back to earth again.

Sensations truly pe sive do I find,
When to thy silent grave I wait my mind;
But from thee ne'er a cheering voice can hear,
There all is lonely, desolate and drear.

The wind and tempest pass unheeded by,
Thine eyes have ceased to weep, thine heart to sigh,
Nor grief, nor sorrow troubles thy cold breast,
To wound thy spirit or disturb thy rest.

May Cynthia's beams rest on thy verdant grave,
The tall grass gently o'er the ashes wave;
And the mild zephyrs seem to whisper and say
Peace to this couple which here sleeping lay.

Paris, April, 1842. C.

BEFORE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC NEARLY SEVEN YEARS.

Benj min Bran reth's Pills.

THIS vegetable and truly innocent medicine, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, and immediately stays the further PROGRESS OF DISEASE in the bodies of those whose powers of life are not already exhausted Where human means can avail, there scarcely is any complaint, or form of sickness, that the BRANDRETH PILLS do not relieve and generally cure. Although these pills produce KNOWN EFFECT, that effect is not to prostrate the body as with other medicines, but the frame is invigorated by the removal of the cause of weakness, the morbid, the vitiated humors from the blood.

Harmless in themselves, they merely

ASSIST NATURE

To throw out the occasion of sickness from the body, and they require no alteration in the diet or clothing

In fact, the human body is better able to sustain without injury, the inclemency of the weather, while under the influence of this INFECTION DESTROYER, DISEASE ERADICATING MEDICINE, than at any other time.

The importance of Brandreth's Pills for seamen and [illegible] is, therefore, self evident.

By the timely use of this Medicine how much anxiety and sickness might we not prevent! Cold, Bilious affections, Typhus, Scarlet and fevers of all kinds, would be unknown! But where sickness does exist, let no time be lost; use BRANDRETH PILLS be at once sent for, that the Remedy may be applied, without further loss of time.

—TO BE REMEMBERED—

That Brandreth's Pills have stood a seven years' test in the United States

That they are a vegetable and innocent medicine, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent infectious, or otherwise.

That they purify the blood, and stay the further progress of disease in the human body.

That, in many cases, where the dreadful ravages of ulceration had laid bare ligament and bone, and where, to all appearance, no human means could save life, have patients by the use of these pills, been restored to good health; the devouring disease having been completely eradicated.

That a DEATH BLOW has been struck upon counterfeits, READ WHAT FOLLOWS.

Security to the patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain

☞5063 LETTERS!!!!☜

In consequence of the great variety of Counterfeit Labels of PRETENDED Brandreth's Pills, and which, in many instances, so nearly resemble in outward appearance the genuine of the old style, as still to deserve the notice, Doctor Brandreth, desirous and in a sense of duty to the public, has employed those celebrated artists, Messrs Perkins & Darnell, who have succeeded in producing at great cost three New Labels, from steel, of extreme difficulty of execution, and of so complicated a nature, as to amount to an impossibility of imitation, being considered by judges a master-piece in the art of engraving

The Border of the top, and also of the under label, is composed of the most elaborate and chaste pattern of lace work. To crown the climax of these beautiful labels, the paper upon which they are printed is previously printed with Red Ink, after a design so exquisite and minute as to DEFY competition; the top and the under label each contain the words "JENJ. BRANDRETH'S PILLS," written in red ink nearly two hundred times—the top & under label containing, therefore, upwards of five thousand letters.

There is also upon the top, the under, and the side label, two signatures of Dr. Brandreth; one being his regular signature thus—B Brandreth; and the other his full signature, thus—Benjamin Brandreth; both being fac similies of the writing of Dr. Brandreth, to imitate which is forgery.

The Brandreth Pills having these labels upon them, can be relied upon as the true and genuine.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, N. Y

N. E. OFFICE,

19, HANOVER STREET, 19,

BOSTON

Sub-Agents in Oxford County will be supplied by Mr JOHN O LANGLEY, my only travelling Agent in Maine —or by ordering from my *Principal N. E. Office,*

19, HANOVER STREET, 19—BOSTON.

A list of Agents for the sale of my Medicine in Oxford County, will soon be appended to this advertisement

B BRANDRETH, M D

Sole Proprietor of Brandreth's V. U. Pills.

April 1, 1842. eplySmonths

Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, on the sixth day of February, 1838, John Russell, alias, John Russell 2d, deeded to me part of Lot No. 16, in the 1st Range in the town of Hartford, in the County of Oxford containing fifty acres, conditioned to secure the payment of four certain notes of hand as therein described and for a particular description of the premises and condition reference had to the Record thereof in the Oxford Registry, Book 54, Page 2 ; as also for said condition ;—and whereas the condition of said deed is become forfeit, I claim the foreclosure of said premises as conveyed in said deed, according to the provision of the statute in such case provided.

WILLIAM GAMMON.

Hartford, April 23, 1842. 3w51

SALT RHEUM.

THE subscriber having, as he has reason to believe, discovered a certain cure for the Salt Rheum; and which may also be considered as a remedy for virulent humors or cutaneous diseases, would inform the public that he has applied for and received the United States Letters Patent, from the proper authority at the city of Washington, for said remedy, which he denominates a Compound for the cure of the Salt Rheum and other Diseases of the Skin.

He is aware that some may doubt whether there is any cure for the disease. He has often doubted it himself. Many things however, once deemed impossible are now accomplished.

Salt Rheum, he knows, by experience, is a disorder not easily conquered. He was himself dreadfully afflicted with it more than *twenty years*, and at times, for months together, was unable to labor, and sometimes even to walk, or dress himself. He applied to many physicians,—and tried various things prescribed by them and others, but found little relief.

In the spring of 1835, being very sick with the disease, he had well nigh given up all hope of recovery. At that time, he received from a friend a list of articles, chiefly indigenous to our own fields and forests, and admitted to be good for the complaint, which articles he immediately caused to be procured—With these things, and others, which he had found in some degree beneficial, he formed a compound, and applied it to his diseased and distressed frame. In three weeks, (he can say with truth and pleasure, and he ought to do it with much gratitude,) he was comparatively well; and shortly after was restored to perfect health, so far as regards Salt Rheum; and continues so to this day, a period of seven years.

Thousands of persons afflicted by this grievous malady, have made use of this remedy, and as far as he can learn, it has rarely failed to give satisfaction. In many cases its good effects have been truly wonderful.

He will not state, as too many do, that his Compound is a cure for all diseases; but he has reason to believe that it is not only a cure for the Salt Rheum, but good for all humors, such as Ring Worm, Scald Head, Sting es, Leprosy, Itch, and especially good for the barber's or Jackson itch, &c. &c. It has also been used for the Piles with the best effect.

No person can fear any evil from it, however old, or young, or feeble, for it is simple and may be applied with safety.

The following certificates and recommendations show how effectual this remedy is, when properly applied, viz:—

Mr. N. A Sprague, Agent for Nantucket, in a letter dated April 24th, 1840, to the patentee, says:—Many cures have been performed on this Island by using your *Compound*. In fact, in no instance where I have sold it, has it failed to give great satisfaction. I wish you to send me another box containing as the last, viz. 100 packages.

This newly discovered and valuable medicine, Trufant's Patent Compound, has already been proved by hundreds in this vicinity, to be a sure cure for *Salt. Rheum.* It has effected cures after REGULAR PHYSICIANS had declared that the patients were incurable.

From the Portland Christian Mirror.

SALT RHEUM--TRUFANT'S COMPOUND.

We copy the following paragraph from the Lincoln Telegraph published in Bath, the residence of Mr. Trufant. The character of the man, the circumstances in which he made his discovery, as well as the many effectual tests to which his remedy has been subjected, are an ad quate guard to the public against imposition. The use of it by a member of our family has done much to secure our confidence in its efficacy. We hope Mr. Trufant will not suffer his care in the preparation to abate a single iota, in consequence of the growing demand for his compound. Let it not degenerate.

Remedy for Salt Rheum.—We call attention to the advertisement of this valuable medicine in another column. It has been supposed that no infallible remedy for this loathesome disease could be found. But from the numerous testimonials from individuals in almost every part of the country, which we have seen, and from the personal testimony of many of our friends and acquaintances, who have received permanent benefit from this medicine, we are constrained to believe that Mr TRUFANT has succeeded in discovering a compound which, if applied in a careful manner, will entirely eradicate the most obstinate cases. It is but a short time since dr. Trufant has consented to spread this medicine before the public, but already many thousands have been induced to try it, and so far as can be ascertained, with the most flattering success, as the numerous certificates of patients, and letters from agents, now in the possession, will abundantly show. Not only is this remedy becoming exceedingly popular in this country, but by recent advices a twelve months ago was carried by one of our shipmasters to an acquaintance in Havre, France. The properties of the medicine having been amply and wonderfully proved in an astonishing cure, the effect has been that orders for large quantities have been directed to the proprietor, to be forwarded to Havre and its vicinity. All who are troubled with the Salt Rheum, will do well to give it a faithful trial.

The undersigned, inhabitants of Bath, certify that we have used the medicine prepared by William B. Trufant, as a remedy for the Salt Rheum, and have found it to be the best we have ever known, and having no doubt that it is a valuable discovery, take the liberty to recommend it to all who are afflicted with that inveterate malady.

Daniel Marston, Jr.	Nath'l Sweet,
Thomas Donnell,	William Gardiner,
Ezekiel Robinson,	Jesse Russell,
A. L. Stimson,	A. W. Turner,
James Hamilton,	Aaron Donnell,
Henry C. Donnell,	Martin Anderson,
Thos P. L. Webb,	Elisha Higgins,
Luke Lambard,	H. B. Webb, Jr.

Prepared and sold by the subscriber at his store in Water street, Bath, Maine. *Also, by*

Wm. E. GOODNOW, Norway,

Agent for the County of Oxford. The following persons are also appointed *Agents*, viz.—Andover, Lewis Crockett; Bethel Hill, R. A. Chapman & Co; Dixfield, C. T. Chase;—Greenwood, J. & W. Stevens; Hartford, W. Hall; Woodstock, J. R. Briggs; Rumford, Otis C. Bolster; Sumner, ——; Waterford, Jotham Goodnow; Albany, —— Lovejoy.

Price- One Dollar, with full directions.

All letters from abroad must be Post paid.

WM. B. TRUFANT.

March 1, 1842. eoply43

Foreclosure.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD and William H. Osgood both of Fryeburg in the County of Oxford, on the thirty-first day of March in the year eighteen hundred and forty one, by their Mortgage Deed of that date, recorded in the District Registry, at said Fryeburg, Vol 21, p. 130, mortgaged to me, the subscriber, twenty acres of intervale land belonging to the homestead farm of the late father of said mortgagors, situated in said Fryeburg and adjoining the intervale land of the late Joshua Dorgan. Also, the Stark's Hill lot in said Fryeburg, supposed to contain one hundred and twenty acres, more or less. And I hereby give notice that the condition in said mortgage has been broken, and that by reason the re- of I claim to hold the premises for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

ALDEN BLOSSOM

Turner, April 20, 1842. 51

Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Moses C. Brown, of Sweden, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, on the second day of December, A. D 1833, mortgaged to Ezra Haskell, of Sweden, aforesaid, a certain tract of land lying in said Sweden, it being the Easterly half of Lot No. 71, in the 2nd Division of Lots in said Sweden, containing fifty acres, more or less,—for a more particular description of which reference may be had to the Registry of Deeds, Oxford Western District, Lib. 20, Fol 403 & 4to, and which mortgage was given to secure the payment of certain notes of hand therein described; and whereas the said Brown has failed to perform the condition of said mortgage, the said Haskell claims to foreclose the same for condition broken agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

EZRA HASKELL.

Sweden, April 25, 1842 51

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

JAMES BARKER,

late of Greenwood in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the twelfth day of April, instant, are allowed to said creditors for bringing in their claims and proving their debts, —and that we will attend the service aforesaid on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of June next, and on Wednesday, the twelfth day of October next, between the hours of twelve and four in the afternoon of said days, at the dwelling house of widow Sarah Barker in said Greenwood.

PAUL WENTWORTH, } Com'rs.
TIMOTHY BARKER, }

Greenwood, April 15th, 1842. 51

DR. SEARS' UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,

Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THESE truly Vegetable Pills are eminently useful in all cases where Physic is required They operate more effectually upon the LIVER and BILIARY DUCTS, than any ever before offered to the public. They consequently set the Bile, which is the natural Physic of the system at liberty, thus removing costiveness, curing Dyspepsia, liver complaint, indigestion, Dropsy, and all other diseases which depend on an impure state of the BLOOD. In point of economy as well as efficacy, these Pills are without a rival as the price for a box of thirty pills is only twenty-five cents. They are warranted to be composed of the very best materials. For certificates of cures and further particulars see bill of directions, which accompanies each Box.

☞All persons who sell the genuine article will be furnished with a Certificate of Agency signed by the proprietor in his own hand writing.

All orders and communications may be directed to BLAISDELL & THURSTON, East Thomaston, the present proprietors.

AGENTS *for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS in Oxford County:*

HIRAM HUBBARD, and THOMAS CROCKER, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South Paris; L. Washburn, North Paris; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; L. S. Bumps, and S. Myrick, Hebron; O. Taylor, Oxford; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford Corner; O. C. Bolster Rumford Point; Graham, Rumford; J. C. Kimball, Bethel Hill; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; C. Howe, Sumner; Wm Walker, Peru; A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Mitchell & Bradford, Turner; J. M. Deshon, Canton; J. Coolidge, A. Hobbs, and L. Waterman, Livermore; C. H. Crafts, Minot. 1y10

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE OLD DUTCH OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO the Citizens of the United States and the Canadas is respectfully submitted this Directory to the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances, totally lost.

What blessing should be prized above that of health, and who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction,) "in time of peace, prepare for war." We should in time of Health prepare for the attacks of that stealthy lurking foe, Disease. It would be wisdom to observe his movements, to learn well the form in which he approaches, and then to meet him with those means which are calculated to effect his overthrow. Those means are now before this enlightened and intelligent community. They are accessible to the poor as well as the rich, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the finest specimens of Divine workmanship, and the Laws by which that System is governed and directed, as originating in no other than in the counsels of Heaven, will so far obey the injunctions of the latter as to provide the best set guard for the former.

It is with the most flattering recommendations, subscribed by most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country but also in Europe; that I offer this valuable Medicine to the American People.

Time and fair opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the brand of Imposition, Humbug, Quackery, &c.

The Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, (being entirely free from any drug of a deleterious nature,) and adapted *particularly* to the cleansing of the Stomach, Blood, and the various secretions of the Human System, Billious Fevers, and Cholic, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Scarlet Rash, Dispepsia, Heartburn, Costiveness, Asthma, and Liver Complaint have been cured, by using these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box

It is not intended that this Medicine is a cure for all Diseases to which the human system is liable.

Many efforts have been made to compound a Medicine which would cure all Diseases, but have *failed* These Diseases enumerated above, are within the power of these Pills and a sure cure or relief is warranted.

Price 37 1-2 cents.

FOR SALE BY H. HUBBARD; South Paris, Otis H. Paine; North Paris, Houghton & Rober; Norway, E. C. Shockley, Wm. E. Goodnow; Oxford, Joseph Chaffin, Seth G. Lape, Leonard Brown; Livermore, John Haskell; East Livermore Thomas Haskell, Jr.; Livermore Falls, Kimball & Walker; Canton, Joseph Dunham, John Hersey; Dixfield, Charles L Curtis; East Rumford, Alvan Bolster Rumford Center, D K Knapp, Joshua Grahum; Rumford Point, Otis C. Bolster; Bethel, Elias M. Carter, Washington Bray; Rumford Falls, Charles S. Winslow. eply16

THE MOST HIGHLY APPROVED MEDICINE NOW IN GENERAL USE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is believed to be deservedly the most popular Medicine ever known in America, for Coughs, Cold, Asthma or Phthisic, Consumption, and Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind.

The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has been very extensively used for about fifteen years; and its reputation has been constantly increasing. So universally popular has this article become that it may now be considered as a standard article in a large part of the United States and British Provinces. Many families keep it constantly by them, considering it the most safe as well as certain remedy for the above complaints. The Proprietors have received, and are receiving numerous recommendations from many of our best Physicians, who make use of it in the practice. The names of a few individuals who have given their testimony in favor of this article are here subjoined, and for a more full account see the envelope to the bottle.

Doct. Amory Hunting,	Doct. Samuel Morrill,
" Truman Abel,	" Timothy Bayles,
" Jere. Ellsworth,	" Albert Guild.

CERTIFICATES.

From Dr. Thomas Brown.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed, Gent.,—The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been extensively used, in the section of the county where I reside, for several years past, and has justly acquired a high reputation in consumptive complaints. So far as my knowledge extends, it has never disappointed the reasonable expectation of those who have it.

THOMAS BROWN, M. D.

Concord, N. H., May 11, 1841.

Messrs. Reed, Wing & Cutler, Gentlemen,—I feel it a duty I owe the public, and especially to hundreds of my fellow beings who are now suffering under different diseases of the lungs, to give you a statement of the good effects I have experienced from the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Having from my youth up been troubled with different complaints of the lungs, such as spitting of blood, a dry troublesome cough, frequently hoarseness, with other fits of coughing, and indeed all the symptoms of consumption, and from time to time I have consulted several eminent physicians, and have taken much medicine, but I received little or no relief, and at last they told me there was no help for me; that my case was beyond their medicines. In the spring of 1827 I was advised by a friend to try the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. I obtained two bottles, and on taking I was surprised to find so sudden and effectual relief which it gave me, and after using it about five weeks all my complaints were entirely removed, and I was restored to good health Since that time I have kept it constantly by me, in case of appearance of any of the above complaints.

I have known a large number of cases where all other medicines have failed in affording any relief, the Balsam was at length resorted to, and speedily effected a cure. I would therefore recommend to every person that has any of the above complaints, or their first appearance to take the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, which they will find a safe, convenient and positive cure. Respect'y yours, T. P. MERRIAM.

New Bedford, Mass., July 30, 1841.

☞ *Counterfeits.*—Beware of Imposition. Each genuine Bottle is enclosed in a *blue* wrapper, on which is a *yellow* label, signed by WM. JOHN. CUTLER. None other can be genuine of a later date than *December* 1839. The signature of SAMPSON REED will be continued for a short time.

The great celebrity of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these impostures are "*Carter's Compound Pulmonary Balsam*," "*American Pulmonary Balsam*," "*Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup*," "*Pulmonary Balsam*" *and others*. Purchasers should enquire for the true article by its whole name—THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, and see that it has the marks and signatures of the genuine. Each bottle and seal is stamped "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

For sale by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Lowe & Reed) wholesale dealers in drugs, medicines, paints and dye stuffs, No. 34 Chatham Street, Boston, and by Druggists and country merchants generally in New England, and in the principal towns throughout the United States and British Provinces. Price 50 cents.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. eply19

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Dr. S. O. Richardson's Concentrated

Sherry Wine Bitters,

PUT up in octagon Bottles, and the ingredients to make the same put up in pressed packages; *for sale* by all the Druggists and most of the W. I. Goods Dealers in Boston and vicinity. Also, by m agents in all the principal towns throughout New England and the Southern and Western States.

Z. S. HALL BARRINGTON, corner of Sackville street, Halifax, is general agent for the British Provinces.

P. S. BARNARD, W. G. SKINNER, and PERRY MORSE are my only authorized traveling agents.

Office 15 Hanover Street, Boston.

75 cents per Bottle; 50 cents per paper.

The following are selected from a large number of Editorial notices.

From the Dover, (N. H.) Gazette.

Dr. Richardson's Bitters.—In our columns may be found an advertisement of the Vegetable Bitters, prepared by Dr. S. O. Richardson, of South Reading, Mass. They are, as said to be, undoubtedly composed of a variety of valuable and purely vegetable matter; and from our own experience as well as others, we can speak highly of their renovating and invigorating effects upon the system. We have a good opinion of the Bitters, as they are not a quack nostrum, but discovered, prepared and vended by a regular Physician, a graduate of the College of our own State, and who has said but little by way of puffing them himself, but leaves it to those who try them to judge for themselves. For the diseases that many are liable to in the spring and summer, such as Debility, Dyspepsia, Billious and Nervous complaints, &c. we do not hesitate to say that these Bitters will be found a safe, agreeable and effectual restorative. As good health is one of the greatest of earth's blessings, we would early advise those laboring under such diseases, to make trial of Dr. Richardson's Bitters; they can do no harm and may do much good, as we are confident in many cases they have. Vegetables and vegetable medicine are unquestionably the most congenial to the human system.

From the News Letter, Exeter, N. H.

☞Dr. Richardson's Bitters, advertised in another column, are highly spoken of in this vicinity by gentlemen who are not in the habit of drinking bitters (any more than the good girl was of going to meeting) for the PLEASURE of it. We have no taste for these things ourselves, being quite bitter enough already, without the aid of rue, wormwood or quassia. Nevertheless, if afflicted with the prevalent diseases enumerated in the advertisement and obliged to become either a 'pill swallower' or a bitter-bibber, we should be no loner to call at Grant's and enquire the way to 'Health and Strength' of Doctor Richardson.

From the Bristol County Democrat, Taunton, Mass.

Richardson's Bitters.—Of the numerous medicines which are advertised in our paper from time to time, we know but little—their virtues must be known only to those who have made use of them. But with Dr. S. O. Richardson's Bitters we are somewhat acquainted. These Bitters we used in our family last summer, for general debility and headache, and much relief was derived from them. Those who may be subject to nervous headache, will find the Bitters very beneficial—they proved so in the case to which we refer.

From the Barnstable Patriot.

'HEALTH AND STRENGTH!'—To regain or preserve these, is the great desideratum. Nothing that we know of will do it more effectually, this warm weather, than 'Dr. Richardson's Sherry Wine Bitters.' Try 'em—the strictest temperance man need not be afraid of the alcohol in them. There is no more of it than is absolutely necessary to preserve the SPIRIT of the 'ROOTS AND HARBS' of which they are compounded.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the DOCT'S OFFICE, 15 HANOVER St., BOSTON.

J. S. KELLY & CO., and E. MASON, wholesale agents Portland.

AGENTS:—Paris, HENRY HOWE; S. Paris, A. Field; Norway, G. J. Oxham, Harrison, G. & F. Bliss; North Bridgton, J. Hazen, Jr; Denmark, Gibson & Ingalls; Brownfield, D. Tyler; Fryeburg, H. G. Buswell; Lovell, J. Walker; Sweden B. Nevers; Bridgton, C. Parker.—ply Jan 52

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction, by virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of May next at the now dwelling house of George G. Bragg, in Andover in said county, at five o'clock P. M., all the right, title, and interest which the late

INGALLS BRAGG,

deceased, had in and to the following described real estate in said Andover, viz —The betterments on one half of interval Lot No. 8, on the West side of Ellis River, lying common and undivided. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

GEORGE G. BRAAGG, Administrator.

Andover, April 20, 1842. 5t

Spring Goods! Spring Goods!!

CHARLES F. KITTREDGE,

WOULD inform his friends and the public generally that he has just received from Boston a good assortment of

NEW GOODS,

which he will sell at LOW PRICES for CASH, or approved credit.

He also has, and intends to keep, on hand all kinds of

LUMBER,

such as Boards, Plank, Shingle and Clapboards.

South Paris, April 11th, 1842. tf 42

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,

Attorney at Law,

BUCKFIELD, Me.

HAVING been supplied with all necessary papers is now ready to assist those who purpose to avail themselves of the provisions of the Bankrupt Law Any business under said Act entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to.

March 5, 1842. 44

Furniture Establishment.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Norway and the adjacent towns that he has located himself at NORWAY VILLAGE, where he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of furniture, such as

SOFAS, SECRETARIES, MAHOGANY CHAIRS, BUREAUS, TABLES OF ALL KINDS, BEDSTEADS, &c.

Having learned his trade in one of the best Shops in Portland he feels assured he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Norway Village, Feb 9, 1842 3m41

LUMBER, LUMBER.

ALL kinds of building materials may be had on demand, or at short notice, such as clear, merchantable and refuse Boards, (think of this,)—square timber of various sizes—ve gutters, joist, &c. Clapboards and shingles, all qualities. Lime and Brick Laths, Window Sash, Glass, Nails, sheet Lead, Zinc &c. &c. on application to WM E GOODNOW, at Norway Village, or JOHN HOWE, Jr., at Steep Falls.

Norway, April 12, 1842 tf 43

$30,00

LOST.—The following described Town Order, viz Order to Harriet F. Harnden dated Oct. 15, A D 1841, No. 38, for teaching School in District No 8, for Thirty Dollars. All persons are cautioned against purchasing said Order, as the payment of the same has been stopped. AMOS POOR, Collector of Denmark.

March 30, A D 1842 3w2

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

Administrators' & Guardians'

DEEDS

FOR SALE, AT THE

OXFORD DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

BLANKS

For sale at this Office,

A NATURAL REMEDY,

Suited to our constitutions, and competent to the cure of every curable disease, will be found in

Wright's Indian Vegetable PILLS,

Of the North American College of Health.

These extraordinary Pills are composed of Plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil; and are therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs however well they may be compounded; and as the *INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS* are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth

Subject to but one DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on

NATURAL PRINCIPLES,

by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to direction, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease) in an easy and *NATURAL MANNER;* and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

The above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, have been three years before the American public; and we can now say without fear of contradiction, that of all the various medicines which have been from time to time, ushered into notice, not one has given such universal satisfaction or obtained such a permanent hold upon the affections of the people. Not only do all who use it invariably experience relief, and recommend it in the strongest terms, but it has effected some of the most astonishing cures ever performed by medicine.

Hitherto, very few of the numerous testimonials which have been received in favor of this extraordinary medicine have been published, as the medicine obtained its present great celebrity more by its own intrinsic goodness, than from extensive advertising. It has been deemed proper, however, to offer the following opinions of the public press, merely to show that the fame of the Indian Vegetable Pills is not confined to any one section, but is rapidly extending itself to every part of the Union.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity in New England as well as other parts of the United States. The attempt of persons to defraud the public by the sale of spurious articles, meets with general reprobation. Mr. Wright is an indefatigable business man, and shows an array of cures by the medicine, which warrant confidence in the virtues of his Indian Vegetable Pills.

From the Boston Daily Times.

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of all the public advertised medicines of the day, we know of none that we can more safely recommend for the "ills that flesh is heir to," than the Pills that are sold at the depot of the North American College of Health, No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Several instances we know of, where they are used in families with the highest satisfaction; and no longer ago than yesterday, we heard an eminent physician of this city recommend them in high terms. There used to be in the community a great repugnance to the use of QUACK Medicines, as they are indiscriminately termed, but it was mainly owing to the regular M. D's constantly denouncing them. They are, however, becoming more liberal in this respect, and the consequence is that good vegetable medicines are now more extensively used than formerly.

CAUTION.

This is to inform the public, that all genuine medicine has on the side of the boxes,

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

(INDIAN PURGATIVE,)

Of the North American College of Health.

And also round the border of the label, will be found in small type, "*Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year* 1840, *by* WM. WRIGHT, *in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of Pennsylvania*"

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT

Of the North American College of Health

and that Peddlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine Medicine. All travelling agents will be provided with Certificates of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

Beware of one A. L. NORCROSS, who is selling a Counterfeit Pill.

N. B. Buy of none ex ept the following regularly appointed

AGENTS.

THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; O. H. Paine, South Paris; Ephraim Atwood, Buckfield; Winslow Hall, Hartford; John M. Desh n, Canton; Wm E Goodnow, Norway; Chas Dorell, Oxford; Wm F Welch, Welchville; Wm Cousins, Poland; Joseph Freeman, Minot Corner; James F Davis, Danville; John B Jones, Lewiston Falls; Mitchell & Bradford, Turner Village; John Blake & Son, Turner.

Sept. 1841. eSptsoreply 18

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Oxford, Nov. 1841 tf 27

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CANTON VILLAGE, Me.

DR. T. H. BROWN,

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PARIS HILL.

SAMUEL F. [illegible] AWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.

Feb. 14 1842. 41

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